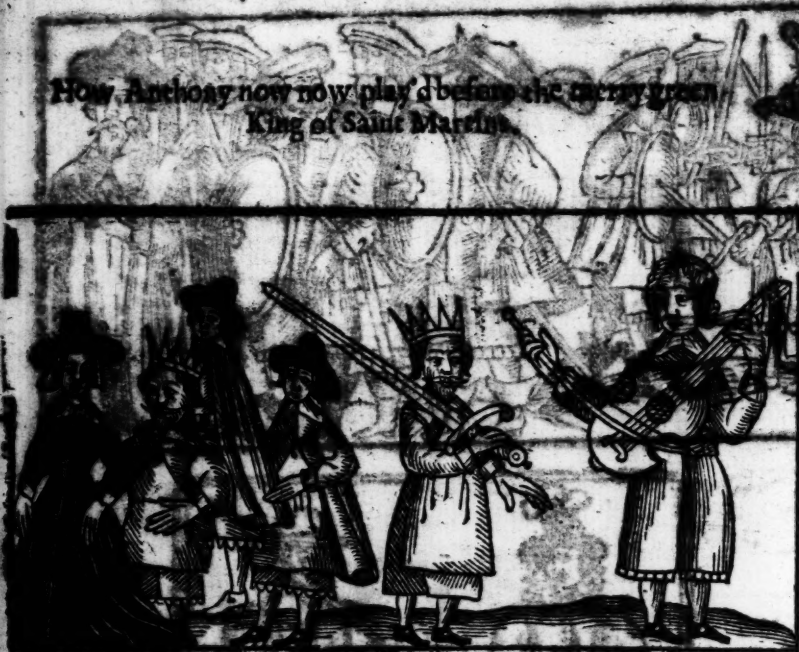


The Great Oath Book, 1534
The Great Oath Book, 1534
The Great Oath Book, 1534



The Gentle Craft's Maske with all
their Tricks and Noble Achievements

How Anthony now now play'd before the merry green
King of Saint Martin



THE
H O N O U R
O F THE
Gentle Craft,

A Discourse of Mirth and VVit, to the Renown of
these two Princes, *Crispine* and *Crispianus* and all
the true Lovers thereof,

The Last and best Part,

Being a most Merry and Pleasant History, not altoget-
her unprofitable, nor any way hurtful.

And for the glory of the gentle Craft; Let all men say
that a Shoemakers Son is a Prince born,

By F. D.

Newly Corrected, with several pieces added for the
benefit of the Reader, which was never heretofore
publish'd or Printed.

With a new merry Song in the praise of the Gentle
Craft, and to be sung by them every morning on the
25th day of October,

Haud euro invidiam,

London, Printed by G. P. for I. Andrews at the White
Lyon in Pye-Corner, 1668.

THE HONOR OF THE Gentle State

A Dialogue of Mirth and Wit to the Honour of
those two Princesses, Catharine and Mary
the most Excellent

The Last and best Part

Being a most Merry and Pleasant History, not only
that acceptable nor any way hurtful
And for the glory of the gentle State: In all manner
that a Christian should be in the world.

By T. D.

By Thomas Deane

Mary and Catharine, with several pieces added for the
benefit of the Reader, which was never before
published.


With a new map, to give the reader of the Gentle
State, and to be used by them in their journey on the
stage of life.

London: Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1667.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1667.

To the MASTER and WARDENS

of the worshipfull company of Cordwainers in
London, all continuants of health and perfect fre-
shly affections.

 Nee more high good will emboldened me
to present unto your Worships my
worthless labour, so manifest the good
affection I bear to this Fraternity: and
finding you lent a gentle look on the first
part of this History, I have been the more bold to pro-
fer you the second: For having bound my self by pro-
mise to perform it: and you perhaps claiming promise
as a debt, expecting payment, I bent all my study to keep
touch; whereupon I tender this small trifle unto you,
only craving at your Worships hands, a good opinion of
my poore endeavours. And albeit this Phamphlet
doth not minister matter worthy your grave view: yet
in regard of the subject, I trust you will deigne to esteem
it fith so well as I could, though not so well as I would.
I have sought herein to procure you delight: and al-
though you find not all the men spoken of, which is pro-
mised in the first part, yet think it no faintnesse in me
but fault in good instruction: and againe, for as much
as these men here mentioned, were all of this City,
(whose story grew longer then I supposed) and the o-
ther of the Country: I thought good so to break off, and
to defer their story to another time, when I may more
perfectly speak thereof. In the mean space I commend
your Worships to the protection of the most Highest.

Your Worships in all he may.

T. D.

To.

To the Courteous Readers health.



Entle Reader, you that vouchsafe to cast
courteous looks into this Pamphlet:
expect not here to find any matter of
sound value, curiously pend with pickt
words, or choise phrases, but a flow-
ing and plaine discourse best fitting matters of merrit-
ment, seeing we have herein no cause to talk of
Countrie, or Schollers. Notwithstanding, if you
find your self over-charged with melancholly, you
perhaps have here a fit medicine to purge that ha-
mour by conferring in this place with Doctor *Barker*.
or if you meet with round *Rabin*, he may chance
ryme it away: I tell you, among Shoemakers is some
solace, as you shall see by *Tom Drums* entertainments,
and other mad merry pranks playd by the *Green King*
of *St. Martins*. If that will not suffice, you may in
meeting with *Anthony* now, now, have such a fit of
mirth with his finking Fiddle, that it shall be a great
cause to expell choler. And so I leave you to your
own liking, whether you will enter to see this sport
or no: stand back I pray, room for a Gentleman, for
you cannot come in under a groat.

Printed in the Year 1611.

J. D.

The Shoemakers Glory:

Q. & A.

A new merry Song in the praise of Shoemakers, to be sung by them every year on the 25th, of October.
To the Tune of the Tyrant.

IN the praise of the Shoemakers weel might
A merry long is to be sung
on October twenty fifth night,
For without the Shoemakers
we shall go cold in our shoon.
To preserve the Gentle Ladies
therefore it is made
Then sing boyes and drink boyes
and cast care away,
For the honor of Shoemakers
wee'l keep holy day:

To adde the more lustre
unto due merriment,
Our Ancestors came of
a Royall descent:
Crispiana Crispianus
and noble Saint Hugh,
Were all sons of Kings,
this is knowne to be true:
Then sing boyes and drink boyes,
and cast away care,
For the honor of Crispine,
wee'l keep holy-day.

Moreover I doe have you
thus much understand,
That the chiefeft gay Ladies
and Lords of our land,
To the bonny shoemakers
beholding must be:
Take them from the highest
to the lowest degree:
Then sing boyes and drink boyes
and cast away care,
For the honor of Crispine
wee'l keep holy-day.

And now for Saint Hugh
and fair Winfrid take,
A joviall bout of it,
we purpose to make
In the gulf of oblivion
let sorrow be drowned
Whilst we in good fellowship
merrily drink round
Then drink boyes and sing boyes
and cast care away,
For the honour of Crispine
wee'l keep holy-day.

Heres a health to the Musick
which furthers delights,
And helps us to passe away
long winter nights.
VVith songs and with pastimes,
as the season doth require:
VVhilst we steel our noses
and sit by the fire:
Then sing boyes and drink boyes
and cast away care
For the honor of Crispine
wee'l keep holy-day.

The next cordiall health
to speak as I think,
Shall be to the Brewer
that makes us good drink:
And to the brave Butchers
that kills us good meat,
That's toothsome and wholesome
for Christians to eat.
Then sing boyes and drink boyes
and cast away care,
For the honor of Crispine
wee'l keep holy-day.

The Shoemakers glory, &c.

Here's to the bonny VVeavers
and Glovers also;

For they are our own neighbours
and men that we know:

And to VValden the Black, Smith
that bloweth the bellows,

For he is accounted
the King of good fellows:

Then sing boys and drink boys
and cast care away,

For the honour of Crispine
we'll keep holy-day.

Here's to the Taylor,
that never meant to run,

For he makes us cleaving
to keepe our bones warm;

And a health to the Tanner,
that dyeth our Lea-hair.

For they are the best that
can hold us together.

Then sing boys and drink boys
and cast care away,

For the honour of Crispine
we'll keep holy-day.

And now to conclude all
and finish my song,

Lets drink up our drink
and do us body wrong;

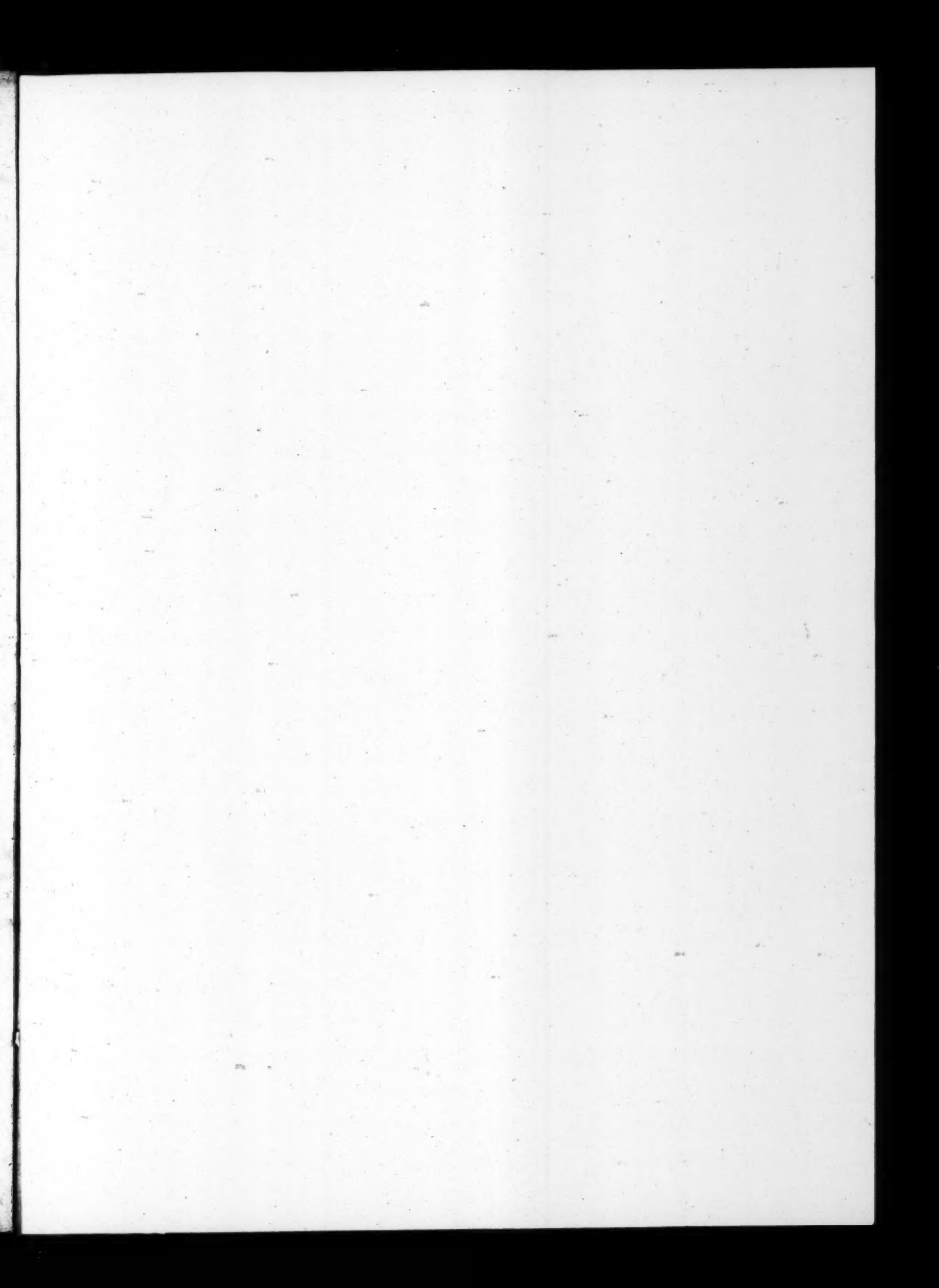
Tis late in the night
therefore let us part;

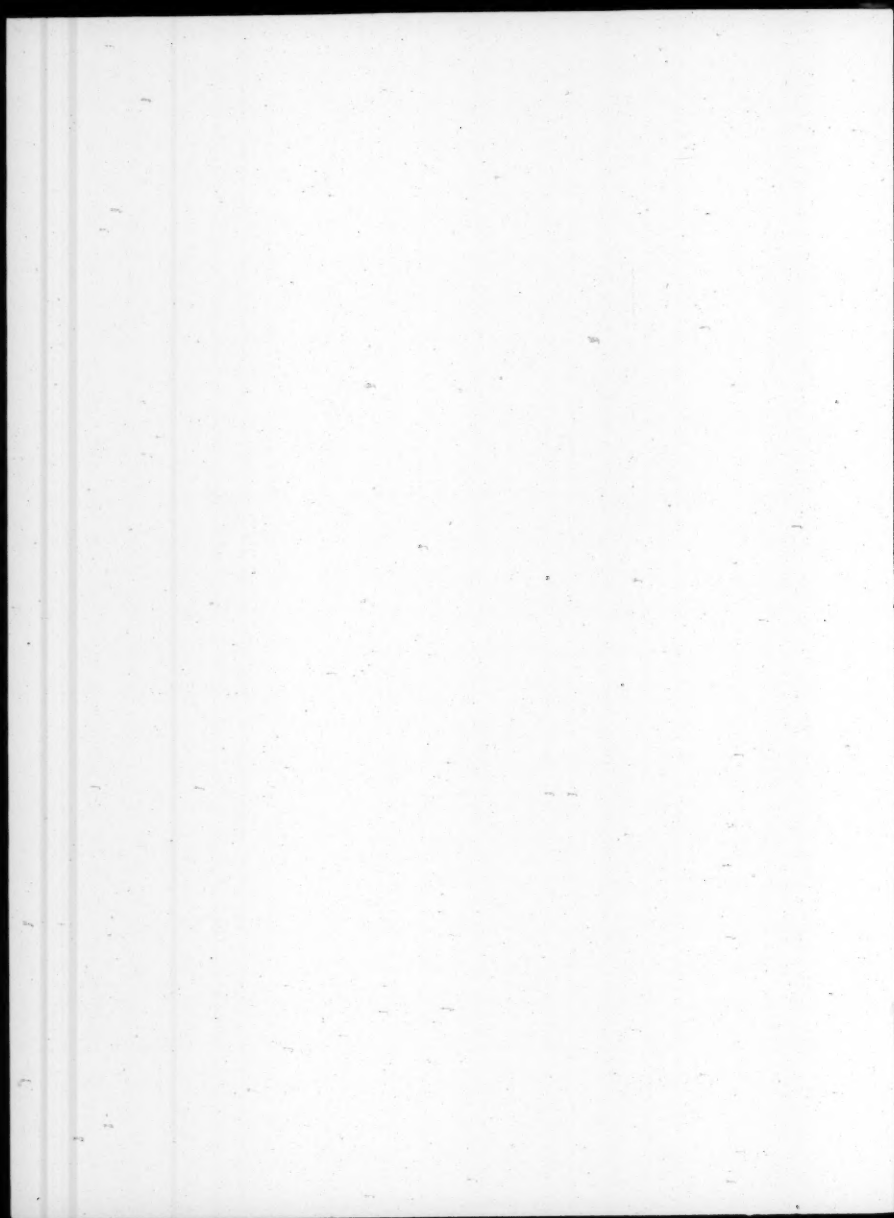
Our parting, and then will
be joggling aways;

Another time when we shall
meet here again,

We'll make a merry bout
for an hour or twaine.

Chap.







CHAP. I.

Containing the History of RICHARD
CASTELER: and the first of his love.



HE lovely Maidens of the City of Westminster, noting what a good husband Richard Casteler was, and seeing how diligently he followed his business, judged in the end he would prove a rich man: for which many did bear unto him very good affection, and few there were that wished not themselves to be his wife: insomuch that he having the custome of all the pretty Wenches in the City: by that means knew the length of every maids foot so well, that he above all other best pleased them: on Sundays when he came into the Church, the Maids eyes were so firmly fixed on him, that he could neither look forward, backward, nor on any side, but that he should be sure to have a winke of one, a smile of another, the third would give him a nod: and to be briefe, they would all cast on him such gracious looks, that it was easie to guesse by their outward countenance, their inward affections.

The gentle Craft.

As he stood at his cutting-board, he should be sure to have twenty curries made him in an hour, by Maidsens that pass by and down: some would bestow on him vanity sweet nosegays of the fairest flowers they could find, and other some would bring handkerchers of Cambrick, and others suchlike labours, well betwailing their friendship towards him.

But among many that secretly affected him, I will only tell of twaine, because above all the rest, their meriments do only remain in memory, the one of them was called Margaret of the spread Eagle, but more commonly known by the name of long Meg of Westminster: The other was a proper neat wench named Gillian of the George, both of them as witty as they were witty, and among all the Maids in Westminster were reputed to be the best servants: having therefore good wages, they maintained themselves gallantly, and therewithall so honestly, that no man could quip them with bad living, though afterward it fell out otherwise, as in this History you shall heare.

Margaret was a Maidsen born in Lancashire, in height and proportion of body, passing the ordinary state of Women, but therewithall very comely, & of amiable countenance, her strength was agreeable to her stature, and her courage as great as them both: she was of quick capacity, and pleasant disposition, of a liberal heart, and such a one as would be suddenly angry, and soon pleased, being ready to revenge her wrongs by weapons then by words: and therein did she differ from the nature of women, because she could not abide much babling. And albeit she manifested her good will by divers means, yet did Richard little regard it, having his mind nothing bent unto marriage, by means whereof Margaret grew into such sad conceits as changed her cherry cheeks into a green wan countenance, insomuch that every one wondered to see her penitence.

As said Gillian, if that be all, I am at a good point, for though my maidenhead be somewhat burthensome to bear, yet I had rather keep it, then bestow it on a bad Husband, but though I say it, although I be but a poore wench, I have choise of husbands, enough and such as I am assured in my conscience, would both love me well, and keep me gallantly. Wherefore then doe you not marry, Margaret? in my opinion it is the most pleasing & life
tht

The gentle Craft.

that may be : when a woman shall have her Husband come and say to her in this sort : Wilt thou Wife : how dost thou Sweet-heart : what wilt thou have : Wilt thou have a cup of White-wine, or Sack, and if there be one good bit better then another, she shall be sure to have it. At last having well refreshed themselves, she puts her silver whistle to her mouth, and calls her maid to clear the board : then going to the fire he sets her on his knee, stroaking her cheek, checks her under the chin, fetching many kisses at her rubie lips, and so soon as he hears the bell ring eight a clock he calls her to go to bed with him. But when they are once close between a paire of Sheets, O Gillian then, then : why what of that qu. she : Nay nothing says Margaret, but they sleep soundly all night. Truly qu. Gillian there be many wives, but few that meet with such kind Husbands : But seeing you ask me why I marry not, in troth Meg I would tell thee, if I had time to stay, and therefore farewell good Meg, when I see thee again, thou shalt know more of my mind.

Nay Gillian hear you qu. she, go but a little way with me, and I will go home with you, for I have nothing to buy but a score of Quinces, and a couple of Pomegranets : Gillian was contented to stay a while, and as soon as Margaret had made her market, they went homeward, where by the way Gillian entered into this communication.

You did even now demand a question of me, and very desirous you were to know why I did not marry when I was so well provided ; Trust me Margaret I take you to be my friend, which makes me the more willing to unfold my fancy ; And truth it is that I have forsaken good matches, for I might have had Master Cornelius of the Guard if I would. Who as you know is wealthy, yet there was one thing made me to refuse his kind proffer : what was that qu. Margaret, I pray thee tell : Quoth she, he loved me not so well, but I loved another ten times better, and therefore it is not good for hands to joyne where hearts agree not. No Meg no, there is a youth in our Street that nearer touches my heart, and better pleases my mind : for it is an old Proverb, two may keep counsel if one be away. Nay then quoth Meg, if you dare not trust me, tell me no further, notwithstanding I have had credit in as great a matter as yours, for many a

The gentle Craft.

man hath put his life in my hands, and found no hurt thereby, and as many women have committed their secrets to me, as men have ventured their bodies with me. Go to Margaret, you are disposed to jest said Gillian, but I swear by the Maiden-head that thou wilt never betray, nor prebent me in my love, and I will shew thee all: may he do not so go. Margaret, shew not all for shame, lest more see it then my self, for so may they blush at thy boldnesse: no trust me go. Gillian, for such a one as cannot keep her Maiden-head, will never keep a secret, and that made Katherine of the Crane to be such a blab: but now Meg, I will proceed to the matter. What do you think by Richard of the Rose, who is up so early every morning, that he is called the wakefull cock of Westminster.

O ho go. Meg, is that the man: there is no reason I should think amisse of him that every man commends: nevertheless, he is no body in respect of riches, nothing comparable to Cornelius. I will tell thee what go, Gillian, that man which needeth neither to flatter with his friends, nor borrow of his neighbours, hath riches sufficient: and he is most poore that hath least wit, by which arguments I am able to prove, that this Cock is as wealthy as warie, for he will sure be beholding to no body, or to as few as may be, and it is alwaies to be noted, that men of such minds do never prove beggers.

Margaret hearing Gillian so stoutly to take Richards part, perceived by her vehement speeches, the great affection she bore to him, and finding that she was sick of her own disease, Margaret sought means to remove the cause of her griefe: And the policy she used most herein, was to speak altogether in Richards dispraise, and the more sturly to plant her own affection, she reuon on the uttered her mind in this sort.

Tell Gillian, seeing you bear so good an opinion of Richard of the Rose, I would not for a bushel of Angels seek to diswaue you: but because you request my opinion how I like the man, in troth I will tell thee my mind without flattery: I confesse that Richard is a gentle young man, courteous and kind, diligent about his businesse, and wary in his dealings, which argues good husbandry. Notwithstanding, I like not these over-coutious fellows, of such greedy minds; Tell me I pray thee
what

The gentle Craft.

What joy should a woman haue with such a churle, that would grudge at ebery haire-penny that is laid out: What in a whole year would not leaue a farthing worth of mustard unwritten in his booke. And such a one I feare will this Cock prove, for me thinks he looks with a hungry nose, and he will for ver you think of him. I know not, but I verily feare, though he be a Cock by name, he will never prove a Cock of the game. Againe, he is but a dwarfe in respect of a man, a shimp, a wren, a hop of my thumb, such a one as a body may hide in a wrinkle of their buttocks.

Well Meg quoth she, you are pztiledged to speak your pleasure, but should another thus missearme him, I would teare her face: I tell thee true, I had rather haue a winner then a waster, a sparer then a prodigall spender: for when a man in his youth hath gotten something with pain, he may better spend it in his age with pleasure, and far better he should be thought covetous, then carelesse: his stature and proportion of body pleases me well enough, for it is no matter how great he is, but how good he is.

But Margaree seeing our talke hath indured so long, that it hath brought us home, let us at our parting be mindfull of our promises, to keep secret whatsoever hath been said, for little knows the young man the depth of my mind, and therefore would I keep it close, till I saw some signe of good will proceeding from him, for it becometh not matdens to be woers, though willingly they could wish to wed where they best fancy, and so fareswell sweet Margarer. Adue gentle Gillian quoth Margaree untill our next meeting, when I hope I shall farther understand of proceedings in your love.

When Meg had thus understood her mind, and saw how the matter went she sought all means possible to prevent her, as hereafter shall be shewen.

The gentle Craft.

CHAP. II.

How Margaret requested Richard to the eating of a posset at night, and how her Masters buttocks was scalded therewith.

It chanced that against Whitsontide, Margaret had in need of a new paire of shooes: therefore in a moorning betimes she came to Richard of the Rose to bespeak them aforesaid, and the more to declare her kinnesse, and to win his good will, she carryed with her a bottle of excellent good Muscadine, which a Yeoman of the Kings wine-keller bestowed upon her, she carried with her a daintie peece of powdered beefe, and the carcase of a cold Tapon, and thus began to greet him. All health to the kind cock of Westminster, that with the Larke greetes the Sun rising with a chearfull note: Tell me quoth she thou bonny Lad, wilt thou take the length of my foot, and make me a good paire of shooes against Sunday: that I will Margaret quoth he, therefore let me see thy foot: there is both my foot and leg said Meg, I am not ashamed to shew either of them so: I am not legged like a Crane, nor footed like a Flie, and therewith she did lift up her cloathes to her knee, whereat Richard smiling said, a little higher Meg and shew all: whereupon she suddainly replied in this sort: soft Richard not so; for I will tell thee one thing,

Every Carter may reach to the garter,
A Shoemaker may reach to the knee,
But he that creeps higher shall ask leave of me.

Good reason quod Richard, leave is light, which being obtained a man may be bold without offence, but this onely is my griefe. I have never a last long enough for thy foot: then I would they were all fired quod Meg. He that would be counted a good workman will have tools to fit all persons: Fie Richard fie, thou shouldst never be unprovided, especially for women.

Tell Meg quod he, be contenten, consider you are a Woman of no ordinary making, but as in height thou overtakest all, so in the length of thy foot thou surpassest all: therefore I must have a pair of Lasts made for the nonce, and that shall be done out of hand: I tell thee Dick quod she, as high as I am, I am no so high

The gentle Craft.

as Pauls, nor is my foot so long as Graves-end Farge. Pet-
withstanding qd. Richard, a paire of Lasts to fit thy foot will
cost as much as a hundred of wooden faggots, which will not be
bought for ten groats: if they cost a crown qd. Meg, let me have
them; I love not to pinch for a penny, if I find my shoes good,
I will not shrink for a shilling: In troth qd. Richard, franke cu-
stomers are worthy of good ware, and therefore Meg doubt not,
for thou shalt have as good a shoe as ever was drawn upon a wo-
mans foot: Godamercy for that sweet Dicke qd. she, and seeing
thou sayst so, I will bestow this bottle of wine on thee to break-
fast, and therewithall she pluckt out her powdered haire and her
cold Capon; Richard seeing this, with thanks to Margaret for
meat, reacht out a couple of joynt stoles, and after that they had
laid a cloth therern, they down did sit, at which time many mer-
ry speeches did passe betwixen them. And at that very time there
was in the same shop, amongst a great many other men, a plea-
sant Journey-man call'd round Robbin, being a well trust fellow,
short and thick, yet very active and pleasantly conceited: for
singing he was held in high reputation among all the shoemakers
in Westminster. This jolly companion seeing them both so well
at their breakfast, and nothing at all to respect him in the place
where he sat, cast out these merry speeches unto them.

Much good doe it you Masters, and well may you faire,
bestroo both your hearts and if you doe spare;

The wine should be nought as I judge by the smell;

And by the colour too I know it full well.

Pay faith quoth Meg that's but a jest,

Ile sweare quoth Robin tis none none of the best.

Last it quoth Meg, then tell me thy mind,

Yea marry quoth Robin now you are kind.

With that Margaret filling a cup boim full, gave it into his
hands, saying, now tast it Robin and take there the cup: Nay
hang me quoth Robin if I drink it not up.

By my Maiden-head quoth Margaret, I see that thou art a
good fellow: and to have thee drink it up is the thing that I
crave.

Then swear quoth Robin by the thing you have,
For this to swear I dare be bold,

You

The gentle Craft.

You were a maid at three years old,
From three to foure, five, six, and seaven,
But when you grew to be eleven,
Then you began to breed desire,
By twelve your fancy was on fire:
At thirteen years desire grew quick,
And then your maiden-head tell sick:
But when you came unto fourteen,
A secret kisses was not seen:
But that time fifteen years was past,
I guesse your maiden-head was lost:
And I pray God forgive me this,
In thinking so I think amisse.

Peto by my honesty qd. Meg you do me mighty wrong to
think so ill of me, though I cannot excuse my selfe, for women
are not Angels, though they have Angels faces: for to speak the
truth might I have had mine own hearts desire when time was,
I would rather have chosen to lye with a man than a maid: but
such merry motions were out of my mind, and now I peto that
a maiden I will lye.

By this wine quoth Robin I dare swear you lye,
For were I as my Master by this good light,
You should leese your maiden-head ere twelve a clock at night,
VVith hey derry derry, /f it be not gone already.

Say qd. Maragret, your Master scornes me, he keeps all his
Colours for Gillian of the George, a pretty wench I confesse, ha-
ving a proper body, but a bad leg, she hath a very good counte-
nance, but a bad colour: why Margaret qd. Richard, hath she
told you so much of her mind, that you know her disease so wel?
It may be she hath qd. Margaret but whether she did or no it
is sufficient that I know so much: But I think qd. Margaret
you are not so belov'd to make any account of a Wallow-cake.

No faith quoth Robin, a nut-brown girle,
Is in mine eye a Diamond and a Pearle,
And she that hath her cheeks cherry red,
Is ever best welcome to a young mans bed,

Certainly qd. Richard, which is the best or worst I know not
yet, nor do I mean hastily to prove: and as Gillian of the George,

The gentle Craft.

as she hath no reason to hate me, so she hath no cause to love me:
well said Paster, quoth Robin, In this sort grind you still,
So shall we have more sacks to the mill.

Trust me qd. Margaret, I speak not this so much to disgrace
Gillian, as for the regard I have to your credit: but to make
an end of Gillian and this jest altogether: let me intreat you soon
at night to come to our house: and though your chere be small
your welcome shall be great: I will have as good a Posset for
you as ever you did taste in your life. My Paster is an old
man, and he commonly goes to bed at nine, and for my Pistris,
I know where she will be safe till midnight masse be ended, so
that for an hour we may be as merry as Dope lene: what say
you Richard quoth she, will you come? In troth Margaret qd.
he, I heartily thank you for your good will, I would willingly
come, but I love not to be from home so late,
I think so quoth Robin lest you should misse Kate.

But take my counsell, when you are with Meg,
Suppose you have got fine Kate by the leg.

Robin said he, thou art so full of the rime, that often thou art
without reason: thou seest that Margaret hath ben at cost with
us to day, and it is more then good manners to charge her fur-
ther: quoth Margaret, it is not such a matter, therefore swaet
Richard you shall come, and forget not to bring round Robin
with you, and so farewell.

No saith quoth Robin, it shall not need,
I am bidden already, and so God speed.

Who bad the quoth Margaret?

What are thy wits so unsteady?

You did bid me quoth Robin, have you forgot already?

Why then I prethee good Robin, said Meg, doe not forget in
any case: for I saith Robin, if thou bring the Paster along with
thee, I will think the better of the while I live: why then
quoth he,

And as I am no Knight,

We will come to eat the posset soon at ni ht.

Now Margaret was no sooner gone, and Richard at his cut-
ting board, and Robin set on his stole, but in comes Gillian of
the George, bringing in her Apron the corner of a Henison-
Pasty,

The gentle Craft.

Passy, and some Lambe Pye, brooding Richard good morrow,
and askt him if he had broke his fast: yes verily quoth Rich-
ard I thank long Meg, we have ben at it this morning, and
had you come a little sooner, you had found her here, for she went
away but eben now.

'Tis a lusty wench quoth Robin, gentle, and kind,
And in truth she bears a beautifull mind.

Gillian hearing Robin to enter into Megs commendations, be-
gan to grow jealous of the matter: ont upon her soule stammell
quoth she, he that takes her to his wife, shall be sure of flesh
enough, let him get bread where he can. Notwithstanding this,
I will tell you Richard, the lesse she come into your company,
the more it will be for your credit. And howsoever she deserves
it, God knows, I cannot accuse her, but I promise you, she
hath but a hard report amongst many. But let her rest as she
is: see here what I have brought you, and with that she gave
him the Wenison and the rest, and drawing her purse, she would
needs send for a quart of wine. Richard sought to perswade her
to the contrary, but she would not: what man so, she, I am able
to give you a quart of wine: What's spoke like an Angell quoth
Robin;

And this I do think,

If you be able to give it, we be able to driak.

Hereupon the Wine was fetcht, and so they sate them down
and fed heartily on the Wenison Passy, and Gillians eye fed as
greedily on Richards favour: and as soon as the wine was come,
she pluckt out of her pocket a good pece of Sugar, and filling
a glasse of wine tempered well therewith, she drank to him,
saying, here Richard, to all that love you and me, but especial-
ly to him whom I love best: go. Richard, I will please him
whosorder it be.

So will I quoth Robin without any faile,

Were it the best Hipocras, I would turn it over my naile.

Then Gillian looking round about, spoke to this effect: herself
Richard here is a pretty house, and every thing handsome by
Saint Anne, I see nothing wanting but a good Wife to keep
all things in his due kind: whereunto Robin made this an-
swer.

Now

The gentle Craft.

Now speak thy conscience, and tell me good Gill,

Wouldst not thou be that good wife, with a good will?

Who? alas quoth she, your Master scornes me, he looks for a girle with gold, one that might bring him the red ruddocks chinking in a bag: and yet he were better to have one with lesse money, and more huswifery: for my one part, I would not come to learn of never a Woman in Westminster, how to deal in such affairs: I think no lesse quoth Richard, and therefore I pray God send you a good Husband, and one well deserving so good a wife: with that Gillian fetcht a great sigh, saying, Amen I pray God. Why then marry me go. Robin, and thereby prevent the perill of bad thoughts, hark in thy ear Robin quoth she, I would thy Master would say so much and then he should soon know my mind.

Ha, ha, quoth Robin, faith you drab,

And would you have him to stamp the crab.

Why what is the matter quoth Richard: nay nothing (quoth Gillian) but that I was bold to jest with your man, and I hope you will not be offended if he and I talk a word or two. There is no reason I should, quoth Richard, & therefore confer at your pleasure, and the whilst I will be busie with the Lamb-pee, then Gillian whispering Robin in the ear, spoke in this sort unto him. I perceiue you can spy day at a little hole. Robin I am of opinion that affection groweth as strong in a woman as a man, they to have equall priuiledge, as well as men to speak their minds: In truth Robin to be plain, I love thy Master with all my heart, and if thou wouldst be so much my friend to break the matter unto him, and therewithall to procure his good liking unto me, I would bestow on thee as good a sute of apparrell, as euer thou wast Master of in thy life, whereunto Robin answered, saying.

Here's my hand Gillian, at thy request,

Ile make a vow Ile do my best,

But for my apparell grant me this,

In earnest first to give me a kisse.

There it is, go, Gillian and I do protest, that upon that blessed day, when he gives his happy consent to be my husband, at the deliuey of thy apparell, I will make that one kisse twenty, and they came to the table, and set them down again, Richard

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marking all, said nothing, but at her approach to the board, took the glasse and drunk to her, giving her thanks for her cost and kinnesse: she gladly accepting the same, bending her body instead of currie, took it at his hands and drunk unto Robin, and so taking her leave of them both she ran speedily home.

So soon as she was gone, Robin told his Master it was the pleasantest life in the world to live a Batchelor, for he would never want good cheer and company: I marry quoth Richard, but what I get one way I spend another: you see quoth he here is a forenoon spent to no purpose. I tell thee Robin, I account their inticements dangerous, therefore a man must not be won with fair words as a fish with a bait.

Well quoth Robin, all is one to me, whether you love or loath them, but let not the pocket be forgot soon at night.

Quoth Richard, if I rest in the mind I am in now, I mean not to be there at all: then you will lose her love quoth Robin, that, said his Master is that I desire, for the love of a Whore is like the shadow of a cloud that soon consumeth, and such love is better lost then sown. Quoth Robin, this once follow my mind.

Though by her love you set but light,

Let us eat the posser soon at night,

And after-ward I will so deale,

If you will for my risks reveale:

That they shall trouble you no more.

Though by your love they set are't store,

For one another they shall beguile,

Yet think themselves well pleas'd the while.

Merly quoth his Master, if thou wilt do so, I will be Megs guest this once, and think my self happy to be so rid of them: Hereupon Richard having his Shop windows shut in and his doors made fast: He with his man Robin, took their direct way to the Spread Eagle, where they no sooner knockt at the dore, but Margaret came down and let them in, and bid them heartily welcome. Now Richard quoth she, you are a man of your word, I pray you come nere for to have you in my Office is my desire: quoth Robin was your Office never a fire? you see the Kitchin is large and the chimney wide: quoth Robin, how many Roks hath your Kitchin tride? I know not quoth Meg,
quoth

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quoth Robin, I think eben so. Go'to quoth Meg, but He let it passe; Then taking Richard by the hand, she bad him sit down, saying, god Richard you are welcome. I have never a friend in the world that can be better welcome: I thank you god Margaret quoth he. I thank her still. qd. Robin in every degree,

For you that have all the welcome, shall give thanks for me.
 And by Robin qd. Meg, be not offended, thou art welcome to me.
 I saith quoth he, you bid me welcome when you have nothing else to doe.

Herewithall Margaret very neatly laid the cloth, set a dainty minst ppe on the board, and other good chere. and sent the other man of the house for a pottle of wine, and so fell to their meat merrily. when they had eaten and drunk, Margaret stept to reach the posset, but while she had it in her hand, she heard one coming down the stairs: Gods precious quoth she my Master comes, where shall we hide the posset, if he see it, we shall have more anger then ten possets are worth, with that she whipt it into the seat of the p itty house, thinking it there safest out of sight, her Master being an old crabbed fellow, would often steale down to see what his M. as were a being, the old man being raised by a loosnasse of his body, came to pay tribute to Ajax, where he clapt his buttocks into the posset, wherewith being scalded, he cryed out, saying, help maistrs, or I am spotted for ever: for some Ditel bath thzown scalding lead upon my buttocks, and in this case he stamp't up & down the pards holding his hips in his hands: Meg that knew better what the matter was then her Master, ran into the house of Dicit with a spit, as if she purposed to broach the Dittel, casting the posset into the puddle, said, how now Master what is the matter, are you hurt, hurt quoth her Master, I tell the Meg, never was man thus hurt, and yet I am ashamed to shew my hurt: bring me a candle quoth Meg, I tell you Master, it is better all shoul' be shewn, then all spoiled: and casting up his shirt, spied both his great cheeks full of blisters, whereupon she was faine to make a medicine with sallet oyle and houselæk to allwage this unseen fire: and by this means, Richard with his man was faine to slip away, which was to Robin no small grief, and yet laughing to think how only this jest fell out,

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I am quoth Robin, forty years old and more;

Yet did I never know posset so tasted before:

I chafe his eyes in his elbowes he had,

To thrust his arse in the posset, or else he was mad.

His Master answering, saith, Robin I will never go there to eat posset more. Margaret coming thither, told them she was sorry they were so suddenly broke from their banquet; but by faith Richard (quoth she) another time shall make amends for all.

CHAP. 3.

How Richard the Cock of Westminster was married to a Dutch Maiden, for which cause long Meg, and Gillian of the George wore willow Garlands.

Richard Castleier living a long time a Batchelor in Westminster: at last linked his love to a Dutch Maiden dwelling in London. To this pretty soule went Richard secretly a wooing, who for halfe a year set as light by him, as he did by the Maidens of Westminster, and the more he was deniged, the more he sought her good will: But while he was thus busied to make himself blessed by matching with a Maiden in London: round Robin cast his wits to set the Maidens of Westminster against him, which he effected in this sort.

Margaret and Gillian coming often by the Shop, cast many a shrewps eye to spy out their beloved friends, and finding him not at his Shop, they judged that it was not Absence that drew him away, but rather that he was gone a wooing to some pretty Wench, whereupon Margaret entered into these speeches with round Robin.

I wonder quoth Meg, where your Master lays his knife abroad now a dayes; tell me Robin saith she, where the Cock doth ere to now?

Not so quoth Robin, my Master doth not that allow,

I must not shew his secrets to one or other,

Therefore you shal not know it though you were my mother

Yet thus much by thy speech I plainly do see,

Thou thinkst not so well of him as he thinks on thee.

Margaret hearing round Robin rime to so good a purpose; asked

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if he knew his Masters mind so much : therefore sweet Robin let me know whereupon thou speakest. Whereupon Robin said, that his Master was very well affected towards her, and that if it were not for Gillian of the George, he would long ere this have uttered his mind to you : but quoth Robin, he is so haunted by that female spirit, that he can rest in no place for her.

These Words uttered by Robin, made Margarets heart leap in her belly : wherefore taking gently her leave of him, she thus began to meditate on the matter : Now do I well see that the tongue of a wise man is in his heart, but the heart of a foole is in his tongue : and Richard quoth she hast thou bozned me such secret good will and would never let me know it.

Thus in a jolly humour Margaret jotted home, flattering her self in her happy fortune, in which delight we will leave her and make some rehearcell of Gillians joy : who coming in the like manner to Robin, asking for his Master, was certified by him, that for her sake only he lived in such sorrow, that he could not stay in his shop, and therefore was faine to drive away melancholly by marching abroad. Gillian quoth he, has it not been for two causes, he would long ere this have uttered his mind to thee : quoth Gillian, is it true Robin that thou dost tell me : doubt not of that, do you think I will tell you a lye : Say good Robin be not angry, blame me not to aske a question : ask what you will quoth Robin, and I may chuse whether I will answer you or no : now I have opened my Masters secret : you were best to blab it through all the tolan. Say good Robin that is not my mind quoth Gillian, but I beseech thee let me know those two causes that keeps thy Master from uttering his mind. Say soft, there lay a stau for fear of stumbling quoth Robin, let it suffice you that you know what you know. Say good sweet Robin I pray thee make it not dainty now to tell me all : seeing you have begun : the day may come that I may requite thy courtesie : say you so Gillian : now by good Crispianus, were it not that I am in hope you would prove kind to my Master, and be a good Visitris to us, I would not utter one word more. Well Robin, if ever I come to command thy Masters house, and keep the keys, thou shalt see I will keep no niggards table, but you shall have meat and drink in a plentiful manner.

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Robin hearing this, told her this tale, that his Master loved her intirely, and would long since have uttered his mind, but for two reasons: the first was, that he could never find a fit opportunity, because of long Meg, whose love to him was more then he could wish: for if he do but speak, and look upon any, she presently pouts and lowers, which is such a grief to my Master, that he is faine to keep silent. The second reason is, that he is not wealthy as he could wish himself, you would disoain his suit: Who I quoth Gillian? I tell thee Robin I do more respect his kindnesse then his goods. Why then good Gillian quoth Robin, hearken hither three dayes hence, and you shall hear more. I warrant thee Robin quoth she, and so away she went, being as glad of this tidings as her Master was of a good Term. Now when his Master came home, Robin asked him how he sped in his suit, even as Cooks do in baking their Pyes, sometimes wel, sometimes ill. London Wenches are wily Lasses; Now she is in one mind, by and by in another, and to be brief never stedfast in any thing.

Thus Master quoth Robin, keep not to a Whistle, take this comfort, what one will not, another will: I tell you Master, these nice Wintons are so full of curiosit, that they are cleane without courtesie: Yet well fare the gallant girls of Westminster, that will do more for a man then he will do for himself. What is that said his Master? Mary quoth he to give two kisses before he calls for one. That indeed is extraordinary kindnesse quoth Richard, but their loves is like brained Wares, that is often seld, but hardly sold.

Well Master quoth Robin, you know your two old friends Meg and Gillian: I, what of them quoth Richard? I have made them both believe that you love them out of all cry. And I beseech thy heart for that. Richard, for therein thou dost both deceive them, and discredit me: I assure thee I like not such jesting.

Now gip quoth Robin, are you grieved at my talk?

And if you be angry, I pray go walk:

Thus do you never esteem of a man,

Let him do for you the best that he can,

Richard hearing his man so hot, pacified him with many cold

and

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and gentle speeches, wishing if he had begun any jest, that he should finish it with such discretion, that no reproach might grow upon him. Whereupon Robin proceeded in this sort.

Upon a time Margaret according to her wonted manner came thither, whom Robin perswaded that his Master was gone into Tutle fields, and he desired you that you would meet him there: but take heed that Gillian of the George spy you, and so follow you to the place where my Master attends your coming. Thus quoth Margaret, let me alone for that, if she follow me she were better no, for I will lead her a dance shall make her weary before she hath done, and so farewell Robin: for into Tutle fields I will trudge as fast as I may. But take heed you loose not your maiden-head by the way.

Robin presently runs unto Gillian, saying what chere Gillian, how does all the pretty wenches here? Faith Robin go, they, we rub out with the rest: but what is the news with thee?

Small news quoth Robin, yet somewhat I have to say,

but hear you Gillian a word by the way.

And with that (rounding her in the eare) he told her that incontinent it was his Masters will she should meet him in Tutle fields: charging her if she met Margaret she should in no case go forward, for my Master cannot abide that great rounsefull should come in his company.

For that let me alone quoth Gillian, but trust me Robin, it could not have come in a worse time this twelve month: why then let it rest till another time quoth Robin: nay quoth she, I will go to him, sith so kindly he sent for me: into Tutle fields she goes, where at last she spied Margaret with a hand-basket in her hand, who suddenly had got a sight of her, she made a shew as if she gathered hearbs in the field: quoth Gillian I will gather hearbs as fast as you, though I have as little need of them as your self.

In the mean time Robin got him home, and hartily laughing at them, saying O what a world is this, when maids runs a madding for husbands: now may I sweare what I have seen.

Two maids run as fast as they can,

A mile in the field to meet with a man.

How can men say maids are proud, or coy, when we find them

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so gentle, that they will run like a Falcon to the Lure: but alas they are deceibed in finding Richard in Tuttle fields: but hereby I know their minds against another time.

Thus did Robin deuide them when he found their fondnesse to be such: but to leade him to his humor, and return to the maids that were picking hearbs in the fields: when Meg saw that Gillian would not away, she came to her, and askt her what she did there: nay what do you here quoth she? quoth Meg I come to gather thrist, but I can find nothing but thistles: quoth Gillian but I mean to get hearts-ease ere I goe: Nay quoth Meg I shall find thrist, as soon as you shall find heart-ease, but I think I shall find none to day, then get you home quoth Gillian, would you be rid of my company yd. Meg? for that word I mean not to be gon yet: I saith Gillian I smell a Rat. Then quoth she you have as good a nose as our gray Cat: but what Rat do you smell tell me: I doubt, if there be any Rat in the field, you would faine catch him in your trap, but I saith Meg you shall be deceiv'd: then yd. Meg you would have the Rat taste no chiese but your owne; then said Gillian, wheresoever he run, I would have him creep into no corner of yours: you speak mysticall quoth Meg: if thou art a good Wench let's go home together: quoth Gillian, as I came not with you, so I mean not to go with you.

Quoth Meg, before God I will stay as long as thee for thy life: quoth Gillian then shalt stay while midnight then: and in this humor sometimes they sate down, sometimes they stalkt round the fields, till it was night, and at last the Watch met with them, who contrary to Gillians mind, brought them home together. But their Mistresses that had so long miss them, were very angry with their long absencer, yet were glad they were come again; and asking where they had been so long, the Watchmen answered, that the one had been to seek hearts-ease, and the other to gather thrist. Nay quoth their Mistresses if that be the reason, we cannot much blame them, seeing we have sought it this seven years and could not find it: and in this sort the iust ended.

Within a while after, Richard through his long trowing, had gotten the good will of his sweet-heart, and making all things ready for his marriage, presently Magaret and Gillian had notice of it, who coming unto Richard, saying he was the most false

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and unconstant man in the World. Have I go. Meg, let my whole mind on thee to be thus serbed: say quoth Gillian, have I insured such sorrow for thy sake, and be thus unkindly cast off: Now I wish from my heart quoth Meg, that if ever thou marryest any but me, that she may make thee as errant a Cuckold as Jack Coomes. So, you are very charitable quoth Richard, to wish me no worse then you mean to make your Husband: but when did I request thee to come into Tuttle fields? What have you so weak a memory quoth she: ask your man Robin whether it were so or no: Well quoth Robin what then: wherefore did you not speak with him at that present?

You know it comes in an hour, comes not in seven year, Had you met him at that instant you had married him clear.

A vengeance take her quoth Meg, I could not meet him for Gillian. I could not meet him for Meg, a morne take her quoth Gillian. Richard hearing them at words, made this reply. It is a strange thing that you will blame me of discourtesie: had you come at the appointed time, it is likely I had married one of you, seeing my mind was adited to one as well as the other: Why may it not be yet quoth they: So said he, you speak too late: hearing this answer they were struck with grief, and so with watry eyes went home, to whom Robin carried two Willow Garlandes, saying: You pretty souls that forsaken be,

Take here the branches of the willow tree.

And sing loves farewell joyntly with me.

Meg being merrily inclined, shook off sorrow in this sort, and taking the Willow Garland, said, Wherefore is grief good: can it recall folly past: no: and therefore a fig for the Cock of Westminster. Now God blesse me, I swear by Venus, that in the mind I am in, I would not have him, if he had as much money as would lye in Westminster Hall. And therefore Robin this Willow Garland is to me right welcome: and now I will goe with thee to Gillian, but when they came to Gillian, Robin staid for her at the steele gate: they found her sick in her bed, to whom Margaret spake in this manner. What how now Gillian sick a bed: now lie for shame, let not a man triumph so much over thee, as to say thou gav'st the Crow a pudding. Ah no quoth Gillian, death is sweet to them that live in sorrow, but to none should

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be better welcome then to me. What now quoth Margaret, whose Mare is dead? Art thou a young Wench, fair and comely, and dost thou despair of life: and all for love? O quoth Gillian, what are all the men in the world to me now I have lost my Richard. Rise quoth Meg, come lets go drink a quart of Sack to wash down sorrow. O quoth Gillian I cannot rise if I might have all the world. What if your Father or Mother, or some of the Kings Gentlemen intreat you would you not rise, never more, I would not rise to the best Lords in the Land, nor to no man else: nay qu. Meg I am sure you would: If I do, say I am an errant quean. Nay qu. Meg, seeing you say so, I have done, and therefore Ile keep my breath to cool my pottage.

A matter said Gillian: what matter is it sweet Meg, tell me? no quoth she, tis but but a trifle, your sweetheart Richard hath sent his man Robin for you, and he tells me he hath a token to deliver to you: quoth Gill, where is he, why comes he not up? quoth Meg, he counts it more then manners to presse into a maids chamber. O say a little good Meg and I will go along with you, and with that, on she snipt her Petticote, and would not stay the putting on her Stockings or her shoes: why how now Gillian quoth Meg, have you forgot your self? remember you are sick a bed: tush tis no matter for that said Gillian, grief hath two tongues, to say, and unsay: and so she ran down the stairs after Margaret, who got Robin to go before to the three Tuns, who when Gillian came, she asked him how his Master did, and what his errand was to her.

Soft, first let us drink quoth Robin, and then let us talk, That we cannot pay for, shall be set up in chalk.

You speak merrily quoth Margaret, but I wish I could see the Wine come once, that I may drink a hearty draught: for sorrow they say is dry, and I find it to be true, Then drink hard quoth Robin and bid sorrow adue.

Thus when they had whipt off two or three quarts, Gillian began to grow as pleasant as the best, and would know of Robin what he had to say to her: nothing qu. he but to do my Masters commendation, & to deliver you his token. This token qu. she, what a Willow War land? is this the best reward he can give me for my good will: had he no body to flout but me. O

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intollerable injury quoth Gillian, did I take pains to rise out of my warm bed for this: Well Margaret if you will agree, we will wear these disdainfull branches on his marriage day to his great disgrace: content quoth Meg, look what thou wilt allow, I will not dislike, so paying the shot away they went.

At length when the marriage day was come, and that the bride in the midst of her friends was set down to dinner, Margaret and Gillian attired in red petticoates, with white linnen sleeves, and fine Holland Aprons having their Willow Garlands on their heads, entred the Hall singing this song:

When fancy first fram'd our liking in love,
sing all of green willow,
And faithfull affection such motion did move,
for willow, willow, willow.
Where pleasure was plenty we chanced to be, sing all of, &c.
There were we enthral'd of our liberty,
and forced to carry the willow Garland.

This young man we liked and loved full dear, sing all of, &c.
And in our hearts-closet we kept him full neer, sing willow, &c.
He was our hearts pleasure and all our delight, sing all of, &c.
We judg'd him the sweetest of all men in sight,
who gives us unkindly the willow Garland.

No cost we accounted too much for his sake, sing all of, &c.
Fine bands & fine handkerchers for him we did make, sing, &c.
And yet for our good will, our travel and pain, sing all of, &c.
We have gotten nothing but scorn and disdain:
as plainly is prov'd by this willow garland.

Then pardon our boldnesse, thou gentle fair bride, sing all of &c
VVe speak by experience of that we have tride, sing willow, &c.
Our overmuch courtesie bread all our woe, sing all of green, &c.
But never hereafter we mean so to doe,
for this only brought us the willow Garland.

Their song being thus ended, the Bride said she was heartily
sory for their hard fortunes, and blaming the Bridegroom for
his unkindnesse: Say do not so quoth Meg, for you shall finde
him kind enough at night: but seeing he hath disappointed me

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in this sort, it shall go hard but I will lose my maiden-head as soon as you shall, and you shall make good heft then. Well Gillian quoth she, let us go, never will I be tied in affection to one man again while I doe live. Well, I say little, but hencefo: ward, hang me if I refuse reason when I am reasonably intreated. Thus Margaret in a melancholly humor went her wayes, and in short time after she forsook VVestminster, and attended on the Kings army at Bullen, and while the siege lasted, became a Landresse to the Camp and in the end she left her life in Milingion, being very penitent for all her former offences. Gillian in the end was married, and became a very good house-keeper, living in honest name and fame till her dying day.

CHAP. 4.

How round Robin and his fellows sung before the King.



The Kings Majesty having won the strong town of Bullen, victoriously he returned into England, and according to his accustomed manner lying at his Palace of White-Hall: divers of his Nobility passing up and down VVestminster, did many times hear the Journey men Shoemakers singing: whose pleasant

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saunt songs was so pleasing in the ears of the hearers, that it caused them to stay about the doore to hearken therewith: Robin aboue the rest, declared such cunning in his song, that he euer obtained the chiefest praise; Now you shall understand, that by their often singing in the Shop, the Journey-men of that house were noted aboue all men in VVestminster, insomuch that at the last, the King had knowledge thereof, who caused them to be sent for to the Court. Whereupon round Robin and his foure fellows made themselves ready, and their Master being of a good mind, against the day they should go before the King, he lured them all at his own cost, in doublets & hose of crimson Taffety, black velvet Caps on their heads, and white Feathers, on their legs they had fine yellow Stockings. Pumps and Pantofles on their feet: by their sides each of them wore a faire Sword: and in this sort being brought before his Majesty, upon their knees they craved pardon for presuming to come into his royall presence: The King seeing them to be such proper men, and attyred in Gentlemen-like manner, had them stand up: Why my Lords quoth he, be these the merry minded Shomakers you spake of: they are dread Sobetaign, said they: certainly, said the King, you are welcome every one, but who among you is round Robin?

My Liege quoth Robin, that man am I,

VVhich in your Graces service will live and dye:

And these be my fellows every one,

Ready to wait your royall Grace upon.

Now now Robin (said the King) what, canst thou rime?

A little my Liege, quoth he, as I see place and time.

His Grace laughing heartily, told him that he heard say he could sing well.

Trust me quoth Robin, at your Graces request,

You shall well perceive we will do our best.

Whereupon the King sate him down where many great Lords and Ladies attended his Highnesse. And being in the Christmas time, Robin, with his fellows had liberty to declare their cunning before our King, but his Princely presence did so amare them, that they were quite dash'd out of countenance, which his Grace perceiving, gave them many gracious wordes of encouragement.

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ragement, whereupon they began in this sort, singing a song of the winning of Bullen.

*The Song of the winning of Bullen sung before the King
by round Robin and his fellows.*

IN the moneth of October, our King would go to Dover,
By leave of Father and the Son,
A great army of men, well appointed there was then,
before our Noble King to come,
The valiant Lord Admirall, he was Captain generall
Of all the royall Navy sent by Sea:
The fight was worthy to behold, to see the ships of shining gold,
and flags and streamers sailing all the way,
At Bullen then arriving, with wisdom well contriving:
the armed men were set in battle ray,
And Bullen was besieged round, our men with drum & trumpets
before it march'd couragious that day. (sound,
Then mark how all things chanced, before them was advanced,
the royall Standard in the bloody field:
The Frenchmen standing on the walls, to them our English He-
wishing in time their City for to yeeld. (raids calls,
Our King hath sent to prove you, because that he doth love you
he profferd mercy if you will imbrace:
If you deny his kind request, and in your obstinacy rest,
behold you bring your selves in wofull case.
Quoth they we do deny you, and flatly we desie you,
till Bullen is a famous Maiden Town,
For all the deeds that hath been done by conquest never was she
she is a Lady of most high renown. (won,
VVhen they so unadvised, his proffer had despised,
our Ordinance began to shoot amain:
Continuing eight hours & more, for why our King most deeply
her Maidenhead that he would obtain. (swore,
VVhen thus his Grace had spoken, he sent her many a token,
fire balls, and burning brazen rings,

Faire

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Fair broad arrows sharp and swift,
Which came among them with a drift,
Well garnish'd with the gray goose wings;
This maiden cown that lately, did shew her self so stately,
In seeking favour many tears she shed:

Upon her knees then fell she down, saying, O King of high re-
save now my life, and take my maidenhead. nown
So, thus her self she ventred, & freight her streets were entred,
And to the market place she marched free:
Never a Frenchman durst withstand, to hold a weapon in his
For all the gold that ever he did see, hand

Their Song being ended, our King cast them a purse
with fifty fair Angels for a reward, and so they had liberty to
depart: and when they came home, they told their Master
all their merriment before the King, and what his Grace had
bestowed on them, and pouring the Gold upon the table, and
their Master told it for them, and every man there was five
pounds a piece. Which when Robin saw he swore he would
bestow a supper upon his Master and Mistress, though it cost
him two angels: his fellows hearing him so free, said they
would join with him, and invite all the Schoolmasters in West-
minster to bear them company.

Content quoth Robin with all my heart,
And twenty shillings will I spend for my part.
And as I am a true man, and sung before our King
As much shall each of you spend before our parting,
so shall we have musick and gallant chear.

Sack and sugar, Claret wine, strong Ale and Beere.

This being concluded, they met at the sign of the Bell,
and they were very merry, and Robin began to blame his
Master that in thre pates time had not got his Mistress with
childe: hold quoth he, I have but jested all this while, but
when I fall on in earnest, I will make her belly rise like a
Tun of new Ale, thou knowest I am the Cock of Westmin-
ster.

I quoth Robin you had that name,
More for your rising, than your goodniss in Venus game.
But suddenly after this his Master dyed, being a good friend
to recaped housekeepers, a worthy example for all men to fol-
low,

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CHAP. 15.

The pleasant Story of Peachy, the famous Shoemaker of Fleetstreet in London.



Much about this time, there liv'd in London a rich Shoemaker, and a gallant housekeeper, who being a brave person, was therefore of most men called Master Peachy: he kept all the year long forty tall men and Apprentices at work, and every one he cloathed in tawny Coats, which he gave as his Liveries, with black Caps and yellow Feathers: and every Sunday and holy day, when this Gentleman-like Citizen went to Church in his black Gown garnished with Velvet, it was his order to have all his men in their Liveries to wait upon him, with every man his Sword and Buckler, ready at any time, if need required.

It came to passe upon St. Georges day, that this jolly Shoemaker (being servant to the Duke of Suffolk) went to the Court with all his men after him to give attendance upon his noble Master: which some young Gentlemen more wou-

then

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Then will, pick a quarrel, thereby to try his Spando: y^e. they
 did you ever see a Shoemaker, a Cobling Companion habell
 so as this fellow doth? he what a train of hardy Squires and
 squaring lads they be, they look as if they would fight with
 Gargantua, and yet I durst lay my life they were scared with a
 Hedge-hog: I warrant you there is never a Knight that goes
 with such a train: it were good sport to try what they could
 do? My master I tell you this fellow is a hardy Cohn, he is
 currant mottle y^e. faith; and whosoever you try him, you'll
 find him not like a shoof: With that, comes by lusty Tom Stur-
 ley and Strangwidge two gallant Sea Captains who were
 attired in Crimson Velvet, in watched silk, tump hats, and
 white feathers, having Pages attending with their weapons,
 and what was the matter? marry Captain quoth they, we
 are all beholding to your lusty Gallant with so many wait-
 ing on him with Talow Coats: Shew what? he quoth
 Sturley? he seems to be a gallant man says Strangwidge and
 were it not I see him in the Duke of Suffolks liery. I would
 take him to be some Lord: Nay quoth Sturley he is some
 Knight of good living. Gentlemen quoth they, you are be-
 cessed in your judgements, for he is a good Shoemaker living
 in Fleetstreet. What? but a Shoemaker quoth Sturley? O
 that word makes me scratch my elbow: Can a Shoemaker
 come with more serving men at his heels then Captain Stur-
 ley? he how it makes my blood tingle: he how he squares it
 out: he, he what a company of handsome fellows follow him,
 as when y^e point to a penny but they are better men than
 matter: not so quoth the Gentlemen for their birth and bring-
 ing up are much at one, for they are all Shoemakers: now by
 this iron age quoth Sturley, were it not that he is attendant
 on the Duke, I would have him by the ears presently. I will
 say a hundred y^e. like that Captain Strangwidge and I beat
 him and his forty men. The Gentlemen being ready to fer-
 ty this match for ward, commend the Captains high courage:
 Then Gentlemen says they you say he dwells in Fleetstreet,
 and that he is a Shoemaker, never fear we will become his
 Customers: Nay quoth Sturley we will bespeak Boots on
 him and so we will raise our quarrel, for if they come not on

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safe, and sit on our legs neatly, we'll beat them about their ears, and if they take it in duggin, and follow us for revenge, if we make not them leap before us like Monkeys, and run like sheep-blinders, we'll lose our credit for ever.

But what if you chance to kill one of them? what care we? we are bound to Sea on a gallant voyage, where they cannot go forward without us, and when they are seeking of us in Fleetstreet, we shall be seeking out the Coast of Florida.

Within a while a Mr. Stuteley and Strangwidge, being thus determined, came into Fleetstreet and inquired for Peachies Shop, and when they came to the house they inquired for the good man, the foreman of the shop demanded what their wills was, whp knows quoth they let us speak with your Master, Gentlemen quoth he, if you lack any commodity in our shop, I can fit you: whp Jack saunce quoth Stuteley, know you to whom you speak?

The fellow being displeas'd at his words, roundly answers, ask you to whom I speak, quoth he? yes Goodman stateay said Strangwidge, we ask to whom you speak, sir quoth he, I speak to a velvet slave, a sliken slave, with that Stuteley paid out his Dagger and began to strike at the fellow, which one of his fellows seeing, flung a Ball at his head and se'd him to the ground: Strangwidge thereupon drew his sword, but by that time the fellow had took down his sword and Buckler, and so well defended himself, that Strangwidge could do him no hurt.

But Peachie hearing a noise in the shop, asked the cause of the quarrell, his servants told him they gave the Journeymen ill language, whereupon Peachie went unto them, saying, how now Captains, how grew this quarrel between you and my men?

Whp men quoth Stuteley, thy Rogues, and thy self is no better: sir you wrong me sayes Peachie, and get you gon from my door, for I tell you Stuteley and Strangwidge both, that I keep forty good fellows in my house, that in respect of their manhood may be your equals, He tell thee what Peachie, if we two beat not thee and thy forty men, I don't be hang'd up at thy door: Alas, he quoth Peachie, dare you two take side & take

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take this and thy quoth Strangwidge, and thereto shall gade
 him a fownd blow upon the ear: nay this is too much quoth
 Peachie, put up this and put up all: Stuteley and Strang-
 widge if you be men meet me in Lincolns Inn-feldes pre-
 sently: Content said they, and so they went their wayes. Pea-
 chie fetching straight his Sword and Buckler, and call'd his
 man John Abridges, and so into the felos they went, where
 they met with these lusty Cavaliers. The first Cap: ains
 seeing him come onely with one man, ask'd if there were a ll
 the help he had? I will requite no more quoth Peachy to beat
 you both out of the felos.

Byag is a good dog quoth Stuteley, but tell us, hast thou
 made thy will? what if I have not quoth Peachie? why then
 quoth Strangwidge, for thy wife and childrens sake go home
 and wait, or get more help to preserve thy life.

What how now Master quoth John Abridges come you in-
 to the field to fight with women, for these be two disguised
 Butter-whoys, that have more skill in scolding then fighting:
 Shall we be thus outbrav'd quoth Stuteley, and therewith
 drawing their Weapons they fell to it lustily, where Peachy
 and his man so bravely laid about them that they beat both the
 Captains out of breath, in which scap Stuteley was wounded
 in the head, and Strangwidge in the Sword arm, but at last
 they were parted so prevent further mischief.

The Captains got them to the Surgeon, but Peachy and his
 man went directly home: and while they were dressing, Pea-
 chie sent to Stuteley a Handkerchief by one of his men, and
 by another a scarf to Strangwidge, by the third he sent a b t le
 of Aqua viæ, wishing them to be of good chear: The Cap-
 tains finding these favours to be but flouts, were more gre-
 ved therewithen their hurt, and therefore with many disdain-
 full speeches they refused his courtasse.

And you shall understand that afterward Peachies men by
 two and two at a time, did often meet and fight with them,
 and so narrowly would they watch them that they could be in
 no place at quiet for them, inasmuch that the Captains found
 fighting work enough and more then they willingly would, so
 that they were seldom out of the Surgeons hands;

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Upon a time it chanced that being upon a point of their voyage to sea, Scuteley and Strangewidge having been at Court, and newly come from my Lord Admirals lodging, before they came to Charing Crosse they were encountered by two of Master Peachies men, who presently lay upon them, and told so about them, that the two Captains were glad at length to bound themselves for refuge: Now a plague on them, quoth Scuteley we shall never be quiet for these Quakers: Captain Strangewidge there is no other shift but to seek their friends, therefore to keep our limbs sound against we go to sea, it is best to use a means to quiet this grudge.

Then said Strangewidge it were good to do so if a man knew how: but you may be sure they will not easily be intreated, seeing we have abused them in speech: and albeit they sent others of their friends unto Master Peachy, and by his men, yet they would not yield, nor give consent to be appeased: so that the Captains were at length constrained to make suite to the Duke of Suffolk to take up the matter, who most honourably performed their request, and so the grudge ended between them, to the great credit of Master Peachie, and all his men.

CHAPTER 6.

How Henry Nevel and Tom Drum came to serve Peachie of Fleet street.

Peachies fame running through England by means of his traps which he and his men had with Scuteley and Strangewidge, it made many of that occupation desirous to come to work with him. Among many other that were desirous of his service, there was one called Tom Drum that had a great desire to be his man, a very good fellow, and one that was sore afflicted with the sin of carousing: his boasting companion sitting in his Masters Shop at Retworth, and seeing the Spaniards very fat, made no more ado, but suddenly drew out a fat Huges bones and took down his pick-axe, clapt his back at his back and called for his Master, who coming into the Shop, and seeing his man prepared to be packing aboard, demanded what

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What the matter was that he followed not his business.

Harry quoth he, Ie you not how smatly the sun shines; well, and what then quoth his Master? Harry go, Ie taking a great mind to hear the small birds sing. I called you here to take my leave, and so bid you farewell, I hope hee shall be forgotten in your hand.

Harry no more to his Master, then wist he sure to take an order to that, and therfore adue. God be with you good Master, and farewell all good fellows of the Gentle Craft, and therewith he departed.

The Journey men of the Toton hearing that Tom Drum went away, they gathered themselves together to drink with him, and to bring him out of Toton: and to this intent, up they go to the sign of the Crown, where they passed not till they had drunk a stand of Bear and Ale.

Whilsh being done, they bring him a mile on his way, and then once again they drink to his good health, and to Christians soul, and to all the good fellows of Kerdsford, which being done, Tom Drum being in a merry vain, and desirous to drive out the weary way, as he walks he begins thus pleasantly to sing.

The Primrose in the green Forrest,

the Violets they begay:

The double Dazies and the rest

that trimly decks the way,

Doth move the spirits with brave delights

whose beauties darlings be:

With hey trickie, trim go trickie,

under the green wood tree.

At the singing of this song awaked a young Gentleman whom foxbold had laid asleep on a green bank by the high wayes side. Now when he heard Tom Drum so trimly tune it on the way, raising himself from the sad ground, he awaited his coming, at whose sudden sight Tom Drum like one that had spied an Adeer, and seeing him provided with a good sword and buckler, supposed he had been one that waited for a prize: Good fellow quoth he, good morrow. but ill spoken: why say'st thou so quoth Harry? because I see Tom by the light of the day thou may'st

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may'it be to passe beside me, and that by the speaking it, I may spend the better : what hast thou so much store of money said Harry that thou art loath to lose it ?

So by my faith said Tom, I assure thee all my stock is but one penny. Why then quoth Harry if I were minded to assault thee, it should be more to rob thee of thy manhood then thy money : but tell me, what is that pack at thy back ? said Tom they are St. Hughs bones : quoth Harry what is that ? a commodity said Tom that I cannot misse, for they be my working-tooles.

Quoth Harry what occupation art thou of ? he quoth Tom, I am a Goldsmith that makes rings for womens haies : what meanest thou by that quoth Harry : I am said Tom of the gentle Craft, vulgarly called a Shoemaker.

Happy thou art quoth Harry that thou hast a Trade to lide by, for by that means thou carriest credit with thee in every place : but what is thy name quoth Harry : as for my name I am not ashamed to tell it, for my name is a sound substantiue that may be felt, heard, or understood, and so speak and tell the truth, my name is Thomas Drum, or Tom Drum chuse you whether : Well Thomas quoth Harry I prescribe thou art a good fellow, therefore I will open my need unto thee.

I haue quoth Harry been unto my Parents untoward, not knowing when I was well, I willingly came from them, and I haue spent all my money, I haue utterly undone my self, for I am not worth a groat. Why then quoth Tom thou art not worth so much as goodman Luters lame Page, for my Lord of Northumberlandes Huntsman would haue given ten groats for him to lead his Dogs : notwithstanding nothing be of good cheer, if thou wilt go to London with me I will bear thy charges, and I faith we will be merry at the next Colpn.

Alas quoth Harry how can that be, seeing you haue but one penny : I tell thee quoth Tom, wert thou a Shoemaker as I am, thou might'it go with a single penny all England oer, and at every good Town haue meat, drink, and lodging of the best, and yet keep thy penny in store. Believe me quoth Harry that's more then any Tradesman else can do.

Luth

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Both quoth Tom Shoemakers will not see one another lack for it is their custome, if a good fellow comes to Town, if he wants either meat or money, making but his case known to them, the Journeyemen of that place will not only bid him welcome, but provide him all things necessary of free cost. Writly go, Harry I would spend half of my blood to be of the gentle Craft; Willst thou say and hold sad Tom: or else said Harry hang me: then said he appoint me a Gentleman, and I will wipe thee for a Shoemaker presently. Thereupon Harry took his knife, and cutting his finger, he all to besmeared Tom Drums face with his blood, that he made him look like the image of Breadstreet corner.

Tom Drum seeing him do so, said he might as well appoint him a Fopner as a Gentleman: Nay said Harry I do not deceibe thee, if thou wilt not beleve it, ask all the men in Malin and they will say the like.

Well Ile take thy word go, Tom; and therefore look that presently you strip your self for I will cast thee into a Shoemakers mould and that by and by. Harry perceiving his intention, did what he willed so he was saited in Toms attire, and Tom in his: so Harry took up St. Hughes bones, and so they came to Gilsford where they were both taken for Shoemakers and they was made very welcome by the Journeyemen of the Town, and they asked Harry if he could sing, or play on the Flute, or sound the Trumpe; belibe me quoth Harry I can neither so und a Trumpe, nor play on the Flute, and besyrow his nose that made me a Shoemaker, for he never told me how to reckon up my Tols in rime or prose.

Tom hearing him say so, told them that he made him of an old Serfvingman a new Shoemaker: why then quoth they, we account thy Serfvingman wise that he can betake himself to a Sherry, but it will be hard for one not used to labour, to frame his fingers to a course faculty.

Not a whit quoth Harry, for labour by custome becometh easie. Writs said Tom, for I durst lay a wager that I have made more Moss in a day then all the Journeyemen have done in a month; and I have travelled in all parts of the world: but tell me where thou hast been, and in what Countrey thou hast travelled.

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Far enough anoth he, to make as good a shoemaker as thou art: I deny that anoth Tom, for I have been where I have seen men heaved like Hogs, and others I have seen that one of their legs hath been as good as a Beethoule to cover their bodies, and yet I have made them Hogs to serve their best: nay if thou wilt go with me, thou shalt see me make an hundred pair of Hoses from sun rising to sun setting, or else count me worse then a thinking Shackerell. Now, verily the talk is in a too much said they, if thou canst do so much as thou say'st, try the matter here.

So said Tom I cannot try it in England, nor in France, nor Spain, or Italy, nor in Germany, Swedland or Polonia: me think no less. Tais they, nor in no part besides. Thes said Tom I can do it as we travel to Russia, for there every day is five and fifty of our dayes in length: nay anoth Tom in some parts of the world where I have been, it is day for half a year together, and other part all night.

Now my Masters tell me, were you not born in Arcadia? no said they, but why ask ye? because said Tom that Countrey abounds with Ases, where they swarm like Bees: we have cause said they to give ye thanks for, calling us Ases so kindly: not so said Tom, I did but ask a question: but tell me said Tom what Countrey breeds the best hides and whence have we the best Cork? the best Cork said they comes from Portugal, and the best Leather is in England. Not so, for the best Cork is in Sparta; and for Leather there's none like that of Siciona, where I have made a paire of shoes that hath lasted a twelke moneth and tople in them every day: For I tell you there was never a Shoemaker in all England that kept so many men as I did at that time.

When said the rest, he speaks he knows not what: for Master Peacy of Fleetstreet keeps continually forty men at work, and the green Wing in St. Martins hath no lesse then threescore Journey men.

Only said Tom, what say you to him who kept a hundred men half a year together and never did a stitch of work, he was a Shoemaker of some account? but who was that said they? it was my self quoth Tom, and yet I never made bags of it:
nay

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may say you tell us fast they want men they were? quoth Tom they were verily: in troth said they we thought as much: But tell us Tom, art thou minded to be Spasse Peachies man? I am quoth he except he will make me his fellow. By the Spasse said they, then wert thou best to have thy words ready, and thy blits save for he receiveth no servants before he tries their manhood, so much the better quoth Tom: Nay for that purpose I go up to London; thus having had at Gifford very good cheer, but the Journeymen of the Town paid for all, and gave them money, so toward London they went with all speed,

CHAP. 7.

How the wild Knight Sir John Rainsford for burying a Missing Priest alive, was fain to leave his Lady, and forsake his house till he had obtained pardon of the King: who meeting with Henry Nevel, and Tom Drum, went with him to serve Peachy of Fleetstreet, where for a while he became a Shoemaker.

You shall understand that at this time there lived a gallant Knight called Sir John Rainsford, who was for his courage inferior to few, and had a brave company of tall men to wait upon him. He was very charitable to the poor, relieving them daily: he was a famous Courtier, and in very great favor with the King; and the only thing that disgraced his virtues was this, that he was something wild in his carriage, and willful in his attempts; often repenting sadly what he committed rashly.

It came to pass upon a time as he was riding to his house, there was at a certain Village a Corps carried to be buried, the deceased Father of five small Children, and the Husband of a woeful widow, whose poverty was such that she had not money to pay for her buriall; Sir John the Parish Priest doubting would not do his duty except he might first have his money.

The widow with many tears intreated him to do his Office, but he would not, saying,

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What you beggers, would you have me to open my sacred
lips to call upon the King of heauen to receiue or take thy
husbands soule, and to perswade our Grandmother the Earth
to wrap his cold body in her warme bosome for nothing? I
tell thee no: The poore widdow falling on her knees, pluckt
him by the gown saying, good Sir John for sweet St. Cha-
rity say one Ave Mary, or one Pater-noster, and let my poore
husbands Corps be covered, though it be but with one hand-
full of holy ground.

Bar-Dame quoth Jack do you remember how you ser'd me
at the last Will: you would not, no forsooth you would not:
and now good Wills I will not, no penny, no Pater noster,
that is flat; I thought a time would come at length to cry
quittance for your copulats, so away he went.

The poore widdow seeing his obstinacy, with a heavy heart
turned into the high way to be adjoining to the Church-yard,
and there she and her Children begg'd of the passers by some
money to bury their Fathers dead Corps.

At last Sir John came riding with all his men, of whom
the poore widdow in this manner began to ask his Aids:
good Sir John, if ever womans misery moved your heart to
pitty, give me one penny for Gods sake, towards the bury-
ing of my poore husband: Sir John hearing their lamentable
cry, and seeing the dead Corps lying there, asked why the
Priest did not bury it.

O Sir quoth she, I have no money to pay for the burial,
and therefore he will not do it, no quoth Sir John? He make
him bury the dead, or He bury him alive: whereupon he
willed one of his men to go and fetch the Priest, and bing him
immediately, his men did so, and forth came the Priest to his
Gown and corner Cap, roughly demanding who would speak
with him?

What would I, quoth Sir John Rainsford, and therefore
tell me how it comes to passe that you put not this Corps into
the Pit: Sir quoth he, because they will not pay me for my
pains.

Above all men, said Sir Iohn, Priests should respect the
poore and needy; and let the dead possess their due; I so they
shall,

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Wall, said the Priest, so I may not lose my due: wilt thou
not bury him said the Knight: no, not without money said
the Priest: I pray thee said the Knight let me intreat thee
to bury him: then do you pay me worth the Priest? Sir
John Rainsford seeing him so peremptory, swore a great oath,
that if he did not bury the dead Corps, he wou'd bury him
alive: a sig for you. go bury blind Ward when he is dead.
The Knight when he heard these words, was marvellous an-
gry, he commanded his men to take him up and put him into
the grave, and they took up the Priest and wrapped him in his
Cloven and put him quick into the grave, and cast the earth
upon him: the Priest cry'd out hold for Christs sake, and let
me rise and I will bury the dead for naught: no said the
Knight, nor rising till the general resurrection: The Knight sent
for a nother Priest to bury the Corps which he bid for nothing:
which being done, he gave the poor woman ten shillings, and
so returned homewards.

Then Sir John came home, he told his Lady what he had
done, his Lady being grieved thereat, wist he had paid for
twenty portles, thus made this ere burial: 'tis done now
said he to night, and it cannot be undone again, then I will
my self with grief.

The Dean of the Diocess hearing of it rode presently up to London and complain'd to the King, which when his grace heard, he was very wroth, and sent down Pursuivants to apprehend the Knight, but he before he had sought him his house, and wandered disguised up and down the Countrey, where he chanced betwixt Gilford and London, to light into the company of Harry Nevel and Tom Drum: but Harry viewing him well in the face, deserved what he was, and marvelling much to see him in such disguise, made himself not known, but sounded him in this sort.

Sir quoth he whether do you wanner oz to what place do you
trabel: Gentle youth said he you may rather ask whi refuge I
trabel, and then I might answer your question: carthens
quoth Tom I am it lay a bypath of Ale the peasant is in love.
May quoth Sir Iohn, if thou hadst said I trabel's I thich of it,
thou hadst said right. Thus said Tom, bridle these foolish p
fessions: The knight too great comfort at his words, and

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having Hoze of Gold about him, made them great cheat at Kingstone, and in the end was content to take their counsel, and coming into Fleet-street, Tom Drum brought them to Peachies house, where such means was used, that at last upon the trial of their manhood, they were all entertained; and so well Peachy liked of Sir John, that he vowed he should not be his man but his fellow.

Within short time after the Frenchmen had landed in the Isle of Wight with about two thousand men of Warre, who in several places of that Countrey burned and spoiled many Towns and Villages to the great loss and ruine of that Island.

Our King hearing of the sad dealings of the Frenchmen in that Island, presently raised an Army together. Peachy that famous and renowned Shoemaker, at his own proper cost and charges set forth thirty of his servants, gallantly mounted, and well armed and furnished for all assays, and Peachie himself like a most noble and valiant Captain over them, mustred them before the King, who liked of them so well, that he chose seven out of that Company for to be of his own Life-Guard; at which time Sir John in disguised manner behaved himself so gallantly and soldier-like shewed there such good service for the King and his Countreys good, that thereby he gained his Majesties Royal favour, and was afterwards by him most graciously pardoned for his former faults.

Peachie of Fleet-street for his Loyalty to his King was afterwards made his Majesties Shoemaker. who lived long after that in great favour, and in high estimation with his sacred Majesty, and in great favour with all the honourable Lords, of the Court.

The gentle Craft,

CHAP. 8.

Of Tom Drums vants, and of his rare entertainment at
Mistress Farmers house the fair widow of Fleetstreet,



There lived in Fleet-street at this time a fair widow, who
was famous for her beauty, as she was esteemed for her
wealth; she was beloved of many Gentlemen, and sued unto
by others Citizens, but so deep was the memory of her late
husband engraven in her heart, that she utterly refused mar-
riage.

Harry Nevell having his heart fired with the bright beams
of this blazing Comet, sought all means possible to quench
the heat thereof: Tom Drum perceiving, demanded the cause
of his late conceived grief, saying, *hail now Hall, what wind
blows so bleak on your cheeks now? hath Cupid the bloody slave
given thee a bloody nose, or a broken head?* Oh, no Tom said
he, that little Tyrant aims at no other part but the heart,
therefore 'tis not my head but my heart that bleeds. *What*
whom

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whom Hall, with whom art thou in love, tell me man: if I bewray your secrets, call me dogs nose, and spit in my face like a young Kissing.

I tell thee Harry, I am holden in greater account among women then you are aware, and they will more willingly shew their secrets to me, then to their Whorling Father: What art thou so in favour with pretty wenches quoth Harry?

Yes Sir, quoth Tom, and I tro I have not liv'd thus long but I know how to make a woman love me, by a cunning trick that I have: I durst lay my life I will make a dozen maids run after me twenty miles for one nights lodging, arising who should first bestow her maiden-head on me.

What trick surpasses all that ever I heard, said Harry.

My quoth Tom, He tell thee what a merry prank I playd once, God forgive me for it: upon a time, on a Saturday in the morning I went into East cheap on purpose to spy what pretty wenches came to Market: were I spied a great many as fresh as flowers in May, tryping up and down the streets with hand-baskets on their arms, with flaming Petticoats, and lilly white Aprons: I did but carry the right leg of a Turtle under my left arm, and immediately the wenches were so enamored with my sight, that they forgot the Butchers Boys and entered me into the tavern, and spent all their money in merriment, that they should have laid out at the Market; and I had much ado to be rid of them, for they were ready to go together by the ears for the kisses they would bestow upon me.

But quoth Harry, your Art may fail now to help me at a dead lift: But so said Tom, therefore if there be any in this street that thou hast a mind to, thou shalt carry but the head of a dead Crow about thee, thou shalt bring her to thy bed, were it the Mistress Farmer her self. What art thou acquainted with her quoth Harry, or dost thou think thou couldst prefer a friend to her speech? I said Tom, why I tell thee, I am more familiar with her, then with Doll our Kitchen-drudge, for she will do any thing at my request, nay, in some sort I can command her: I assure thee quoth Harry these are high talents; and I much wonder you being a young man wilt not

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seek a wife that is so wealthy, and so make thy self famous by marrying *Spittis* Farmer, for it is likely she could well away to make him her husband, to whom she so much opens her hearts secrets.

His true quoth Tom, and I know that if I spoke but half a word she could never deny me: Nay, she would spend ten of her twelve silver Apostles, on condition I would vouchsafe to be her husband. But wot you what Harry, it is well known though *Killies* be faire in show, they be foule in smell, and women as they are beautiful, so they are deceitful: besides, *Spittis* Farmer is too old for me.

Am old quoth Harry? why man, she is not so old as Chairing Crosse: for in my conscience I think, that since her fair eyes bevel'd the bright sun, she never tasted of the fruits of twenty flourishing Summers, therefore her age need be no hurt to her marriage.

I will tell thee my mind quoth Tom, after that a woman is past sixteen or seventeen years old, I would not give sixteen blew buttons for her. But tell me Harry, and that truly, dost thy like her? and if thou dost, say so, and I will warrant her thine own.

Gentle Tom Drum quoth Harry, be bit as good as the word and do but prefer me to her acquaintance, and I will request no greater a courtesie. Here is my hand quoth Tom Drum, it shall be done: The day being set down, Harry had prepared himself a later suit of apparel against the time, and Tom Drum in like sort had dress'd himself in the best manner, still bearing Harry in hand, telling him that none should be more welcomer to her then himself. The day being come Tom takes Harry by the hand, and coming to the wedding door, Tom falls a ringing of the Bell as if he had been mad, the *Widow* came to the door and asked who was there: It is I said Tom, open the door, for I must speak with your *Spittis*, Nay then and will tell her said the *Widow*, and leaving him at the door, where he late till he was almost starved. Quoth Harry, whatsoever your credit is with the *Spittis* I know not, but with the man it is very small. Thus quoth Tom, I will once again use the help of a Bell-rop.

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At his second ringing, out comes one of his maids, saying, who the Devil is at the door which keeps such a ringing? why tis I you Susan said he. who Tom Drum quoth she what would you have? I would speak with your Mistress said he; trust me you cannot find her, for she is at supper with two or three that be Doctors: the one is Doctor Barker, and Alderman Jarvice the other.

Such quoth Tom, tell me not of Doctors, but tell her that I am here and then tis well enough: well I will quoth she, tis claps to the door again and keeps them both out of doors. Says said Harry, this gear work but illfabelously; for you are little beholding to the warden for ought I see: tis no matter Harry said he, but if their Mistress should know this the warden's squire their coats, surely for it; and with that one of the pages opening the door, told Tom his Mistress would have him send up his errand, what is she so stately that she waits for come down? I knew the time when she would have been glad to have spoken with me: I quoth he fellow it may be so, when that you have brought her shoes that have pinched her toes. Says Harry said Tom I will go again speak with her: quoth the fellow but you shall not, therefore keep back and come you not here.

Tom Drum seeing himself thus disgraced before his fellow Harry (being very angry) askt if this were the best entertainment which they could afford their friends: and then began to struggle with them, which their Mistress hearing, rose from the Table to know what the matter was, who being certifi'd of Tom Drums behaviour, she began to check him, why fellow quoth she, what art thou mad? what hast thou to say to me, that thou art thus importunate? no but said he, but that this Gentleman and I would bestow a bottle of wine to have thee or three hours talk with you.

I tell thee said she, I am not now at leisure therefore hastest fellow trouble me no more. What quoth he are you grown so coy? if you and I were alone I should find you a little milder, and no man but Doctor Barker and your Master? is his respect in most respect? well I will be better retained ere I go, for there is never a stemming of them

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them all shall out-face me : *Mistris Farmer* seeing him so furious, answered he should have present entertainment according to his desert : whereupon she made no more ado, but bid her servant thrust him out by the head and shoulders, which they presently performed : but *Harry* was by her very modestly answered, that if he had any speech with her, the next day he should be patiently heard, and gently answered : with which words he departed, and going home he told *Tom Drum* he was beholding to him for preserving his life to *Mistris Farmer* : surely you are in high labor with this woman, as it seemed by your entertainment.

Well quoth *Tom*, stout on, but He lay my life had I not brought thee forth me, no man should have had more welcome then I : and now I remember my self that she was displeased that I should make another co-partners of her presence : and I remember an old proverb that love and friendship breeds no fellowship : when the four women heard of this *Tom Drums* entertainment was spoke of every where, and so it becomes a proverb, that were it supposed a man shall not be welcome, they'll say he is like to have *Tom Drums* entertainment.

Now to avoid these scuffs *Tom Drum* sought Fleetstreet, and went into Scotland, being press'd for a Drummer at *Moss Kelbrough* field, where the noble Duke of *Summerset*, and the Earl of *Warwick* were sent with a noble Army, where English and Scots meet, there was fought a cruel battel, the victory fell to the English, at which time there was slain of the Scots fourteen thousand, fifteen hundred taken prisoners, where we shall leave *Tom Drum* till his return : making mention how *Harry Nevel* behaved himself in the mean time in London.

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CHAP. 9.

How Harry Neele wooed Mistress Farmer, and deceived Doctor Burket, and how they were both beguiled by an Apprentice, that dwelt in the house, who in the end married her.



Mistress Farmer for her rare beauty was wondrously wooed by Doctor Burket, who did give to her many rich and costly gifts, yet Mistress Farmer would hardly accept them, least by his cunning he should infer therein more matter then ordinary that might move any motion of love contrary to her natural inclination.

Upon a time Harry Neele coming thither, and finding the Doctor very diligent to hear the Widdows content, plotted how he might cast out the Doctor, and so prefer his own suite, at last lighting on a device fit for the purpose: there was an Englishman from an at Black Wall who was in travel with chyls: and could not be delivered by the Widdows threabout,

Harry

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Harry Navel hearing of it, thought it fit to employ Doctor
Super about it, who in the meantime might the better pre-
scent his own suite to the Widow.

Whereupon he sent one to him attired like a servingman,
booted and spurred, who coming to the Widows house he
asked for Doctor Barker, what would you have with him said
the Widow? quoth he, my Lady Sunborne hath sent for him
in post haste, and therefore I must needs speak with him: the
Widow presently went and told him, when Doctor Barker
heard, he took his leave of the Widow, and came to the messen-
ger, saying, how now fellow, what would your Lady hate
with me? Sir said he, she desires you to come with all speed,
for she is wondrous sick: the Doctor presently took horse,
and away he goes with the Servingman. Harry hearing of
his departure, came to the Widow with a smiling counte-
nance, and merrily began to woo her.

Fair Mistress quoth Harry, I know said he it is the custom of
women at first to make their denial to their lovers, because
they would not be accounted easily won or soon entreated: ut
dear Lady, nature hath not adorned your face with such in-
comparable beauty, and fram'd every part so excellently, to
wound men with love, but to work their content. Where-
fore now sweet Mistress, in the April of your years, and the
sweet summer of your dapes, banish not the pleasure incident
to bright beauty, but honour me with the fair fruit of your
womb, and make me blessed by being Father to the issue of
your delicate body.

Say then Sir said she I perceive you will grow troublesome
and shew your self no such man as you profess your self, and I
may say your friendship is more in words then in deeds, and
I perceive I must call my mate for a cup of poisoning beer be-
fore you will depart.

Say Lady said he I will save you that labour, fixing your
love commands me, and I pray God grant you in a favourable
mind at our next meeting, and so he departed.

Now you shall understand that this gallant friendship had in
her house a proper young man which was her Nephew, who
long had born his Mistress good will; at last he declared his

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mind to a secret friend, who comforts him in this sort: "Nath said so. What if she be thy mistress? be not ashamed to show thy affection to her, but try her, thou know'st not how fortune may favour the suit. I quote her. If I were one of my friends I could have some heart to love her."

Do stand not on those terms said his friend Francis, for
we will never requite kindnesses with discourtesies, and
therefore William be not so fearful.

The time at last being come, that Miss Farmer has appointed to have her books call up, she gets her to her closet, and whistles to her maid to bid William bring her up the books which very willingly he came to her, and said, Miss, quoth he, doubt not but that your estate is good, for I have been as careful and as just to keep it as if it had been mine own. I am said to be the more beholding to thee, neither shall thy true service go unrewarded if I live, or if I die thou shalt not be altogether forgotten.

These kind speeches comforted Williams heart, and he began
to tell to his reckonings calmly till his mind running on his
spittles beauty, would misse and count three score and four
score, nine score. there you misreackon forty said she. O
my dear spittles blame me not if I do so, losing your sweet
presence hath made worse then my self to note: but pardon
dear spittles my presumption in being thus bold to, undarken
my heartis affection to you, and therefore I must spittles de-
spise not him who has been your faithful servant, but pre-
sent to him your labour which may prolong his dayes with ble-
sed peace.

His Spirit with lowering looks made him this answer,
how bold strays, bathing too much in melancholy, make you so
cyp, can you let your love on no lower pitch, but you must seek
to be Master of your Spirit.

Hereupon she commanded her man Richard to take his place, and to be fore-man of the shop, and gracing him with the keys of her Closet : and commanding her man William to fetch her some Dyets and a pint of Claret wine, and bring them to her Chamber, Will overjoy'd at these words, ran with all speed & brought them to her, & when she saw him, she

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with a smiling countenance said, what wilkin art thou come, that is well done, bring them hither, said she, and the Spanchet and white wine, yea so, said I will, and if you please I will open the Dysters for you, which he did, and opened faster then she could eat.

William said she, you are quick in opening of Dysters, yet slow in taking up your Accounts: these words put William in mind of former passages, and made him more eager to return to his suit to his dear Mistress, and said, O my dear Mistress, I love William, but not a pleasant youth, and in the glory of his age to be, which I shall, if you vouch to grant to me your favour, and to make me your husband.

She thereat seem'd very coy, and took it in disgrace (yet to herself had granted his request) that he should have such love and liking to her, and that to him, who had made her so familiarly made you so lately? at which words William seem'd to be angry, and to say, my Mistress said she, if you had been as willing to grant my request, as I have been to love to follow your precepts, I might long ere this enjoyed what I now have desired, and therefore shall be departed.

These words the fortune taking into consideration and told her friends what had pass'd betwixt her man William and she, her friends being very willing, and told her that he was a proper young man, and that she might live more happily with him, then with Doctor Barker, of merry Navel: at which words she utterly renounced that love, and resolv'd to live and yet with William.

William hearing her resolute answer, spake thus to her, I see you have so freely granted my request, worthy I were to be a beggar, if I should refuse to wish a treasure, and thereupon joyned their hearts and hands, and being married, they lived many happy days together.

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CHAP. 10.

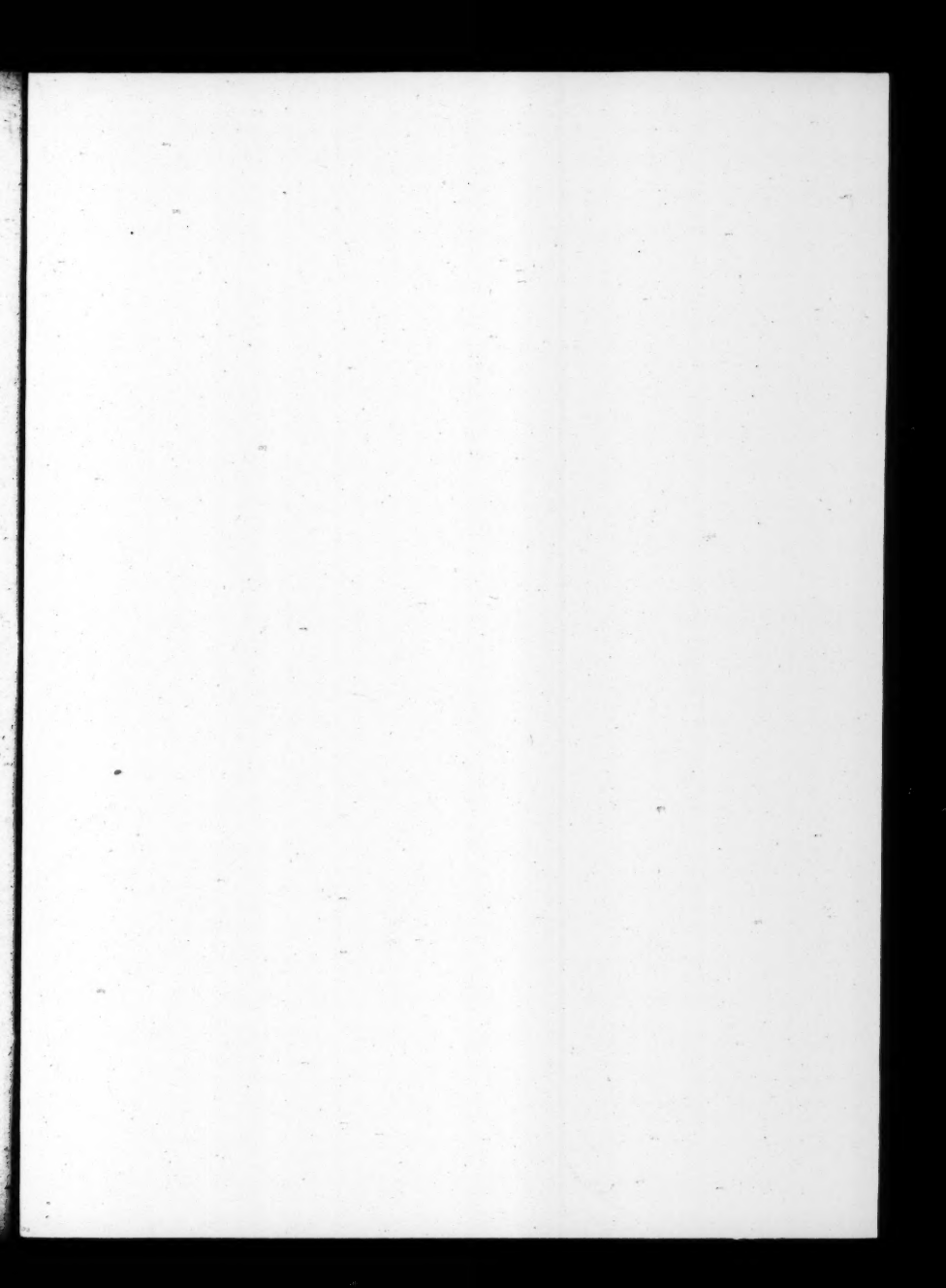
Of the green King of Saint Martins and his merry scars.

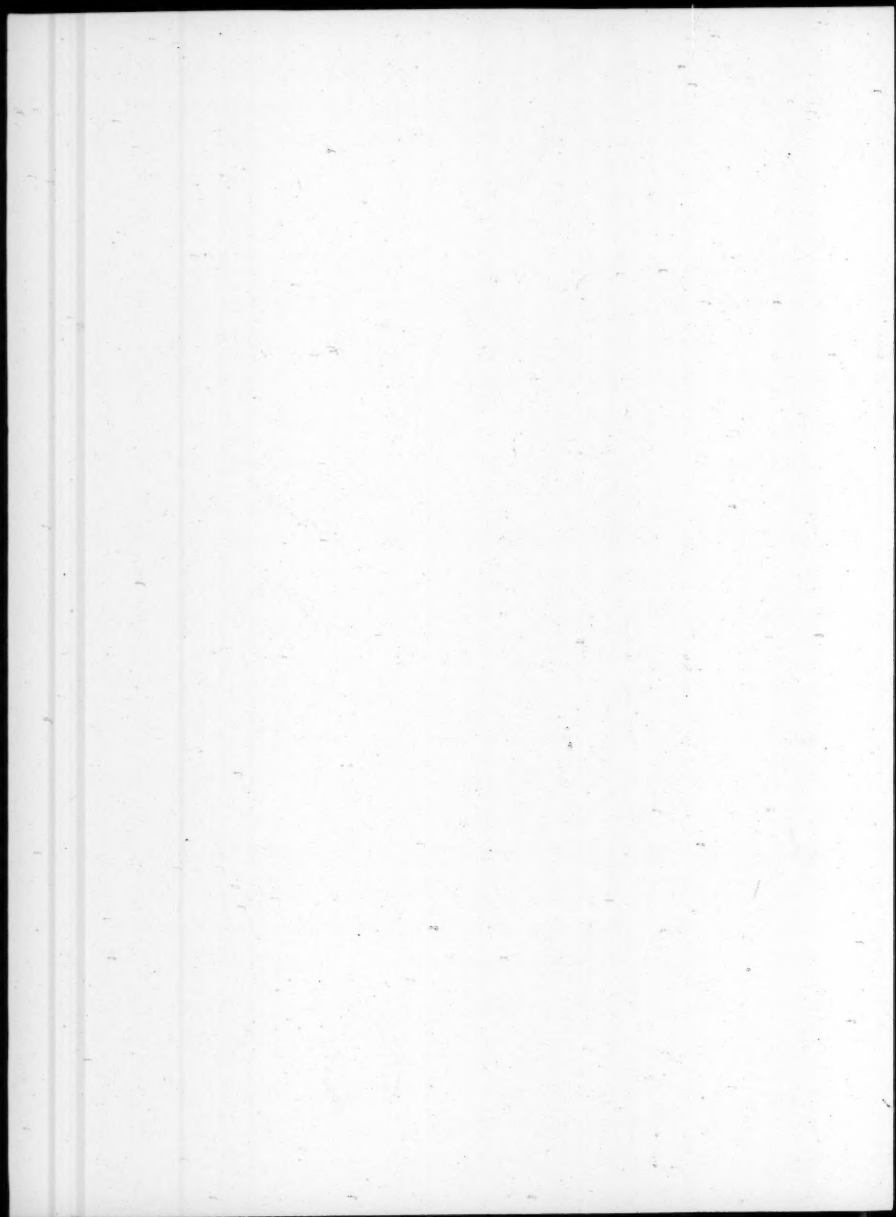
There dwelt in Saint Martins a jolly Schew-maker, he was commonly called the Green King: for that upon a time he shew'd himself before King Henry, with all his men all riding on him: they all in green habitation.

This green King as they call'd him, he was a man very humorous, and of a small stature, but most valiant and courageous, and he continually used the fencing-school: and when he went abroad he alwayes carried a two-handed sword on his shoulder, or under his Arm: he kept continually thirty or forty servants, and kept alwayes a gallant and a doughty house as most men do in his time.

Now may you stand that in his young years his Father dying left him a good portion, so that he was in great credit and estimation among his neighbours, and that which made him more happy was this, that God blest him with the gift of a good wife, who was a very comely young woman, and therewithall very careful for his commodity: but he who had his mind alwayes bent upon merriment, little respected his profit in regard of his pleasure: insomuch that through his wastfull expence he brought poverty upon himself before he was aware, so that he could not do as he was accustomed: which when his daily companions perceived, they by little and little would quit his company and if at any time he char'd for to passe by them, perhaps they would lend him a nod or two: or it may be give him a good morrow, and make no more ado.

As it so cometh the Green King, doth want of money part good company, or to my countenance so changed that they do not know me? I have seen the day when never a knave of thy mail but would have made much of my dog for my sake, and would have given me twenty salutations on a Sunday morning if I would bestow but one pint of Pasqueline upon them: and what hath a threadbare cloak fear'd from me all good fellows? why, though I have not my wonted habit, I have





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have still the same heart: and though my money be gone, my mind is not altered; why then, what Jacks are they to reject me.

I, I, now I find my wifes tale true, for she was wont to say, husband, husband refrain these trencher flies, these smooth faced flatterers, that like Drones lye upon the honey of your labour, and suck away the sweetnes of your substance. I wif, I wif, if once you should come in want, there is not the best of them all that would trust you for ten greats: by which saying, I will lay my life she is a witch, for it is come as just to pass as Marlines Prophecie, for I would the other day but have borrowed twelve pence, and I try'd thirteen friends and went withon' it: It being so, let them go hang th m'ellies: for I will into Flanders, that is flat, and leave these slaves to their scribble conditions, where I will try whether a firkin barrel of butter be worth a pot of strong bare, and a load of holland these better then a gallon of Chynco: and if it be by the cross of this sword I will never stain my credit with such a base commodity again.

With that he went to his wife, saying, woman dost thou hear? I pray thee look well to thy business till I come again: for why? for to dye away melancholly, I am minded to walk a mile or two: but husband quoth she, were you there where you laid your plate to pawn? I pray you is it not misused? and is it safe? woman said he I was there, and it is safe I le warrant thee for ever coming into thy hands again, thou know'st I borrowed but twenty mark upon it, and they have sold it for twenty pound: 'tis gone wife, 'tis gone.

His husband said she, what ill fortune be we to be thus ill dealt with all? and therewithall she wept: he quoth he leaue thy weeping, hang it up, let it goe, the best is, it ever cost us a great; it is in vain therefore to mourn for the matter; he thereupon took his leaue of his wife, bidding her look to the house, and say that the boyes ploy their woe.

The Green being thus taken his leaue, went towards Billingsgate on purpose to take Barge, where by the way he met wi' h Anthony now now: what, Master said he, well met? I pray where are you walking? will you not have a crash ere you go?

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P faith Anthony quoth he, thou knowest that I was eber
a good fellow, and one that never had been a niggard to thee
at any time, therefore now if thou wilt bestow any musick on
me before I go, do, and if it please God that I return safely
from Flanders again, I will requitte thee well for thy pains.
but at present I have no money for musick: Gods nigs said
Anthony, whether you have money or no, you shall have
Musick. I do not alwayes request coyn of my friends for my
cunning: what, you are not ebery body, and seeing that
you are going beyond sea, I will bestow a pint of wine on
you at the Salutation: say'st thou so Anthony quoth he, in
a good sooth I will not refuse thy courtesie, and with that
they slept into the Tabern where Anthony cal'd for wine,
and drawing forth his fiddle began to play, and after he
had scrapt half a score lessons, he began to sing this merry
song as followeth,

When should a man shew himself gentle and kind,

When should a man comfort the sorrowful mind?

O Anthony now now now.

O Anthony now now now.

When is the best time to drink with a friend?

When is it meetest my money to spend?

O Anthony now now now.

O Anthony now now now.

When goes the King of good fellows away?

That so much delighted in dancing and play?

O Anthony now now now.

O Anthony now now now.

And when shall I bid my Master farewell?

Whose bounty and courtesie so did excell?

O Anthony now now now.

O Anthony now now now.

So ye now Master quoth he, this song have I made for
your sake, and by the grace of God when you are gone I
will sing it ebery Sunday morning under your wives win-
dow, that they may know that we drank together ere we par-
ted:

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ted: I pray the then do so saie the green King, and I pray the do my commendations to her, and tell her at my return I hope to make merry.

Thus after that they had made an end of their wine, and paid their reckoning, Anthoni pating up his fable departed, seeking to change musick for money; whil't the green King of St. Martins sat in Gravesend Barge. But Anthoni in his absence sung this song so often in St. Martins, that ever after that he purchased a name which he never lost till his dying day, for ever after that men call'd him nothing but Anthoni now now.

But it is to be remembred that the green Kings wife became so carefull in her business, and goverded her self with such wisdom in all her affairs, that during her husbands absence she did not only pay many of his debts, but also got into her house every thing that was necessary to be had; the which her diligence won such commendations in so much that her credit in all places was very good, and her gains (through Gods blessing) came so flowing in, that before her husband came home, she was had in good reputation with her neighbours, and having no need of any of their favours, every one was ready to proffer her courtesie, saying, good neighbor if you want any thing tell us, and look what friendship we may do you, be sure you shall find it.

A neighbour quoth she. I know your kindness, and may speak thereof by experience, well may I compe you to him that would never bid any man to dinner, but at two of the clock in the afternoon when he was: flared they had hid their bellies before, and that they would not touch his meat, except for mannes sake: wherefore for my part I will give you many thanks for your kindnesse when I take benefit of your proffer,

And by neighbour we speak for your good quoth they: tis true quoth she. and so say they that call for wine to bestow on a drunken man. when they know it will do him as much good in his bowts as his belly.

Well neighbour said they, God be thanked that you have no cause to make use of any of your friends: Marry Amen

The Gentle Craft.

groth she, for if I had, I thinke I should find few there; these
and the like grætlings were often betwixt her and her neigh-
bours.

At last her husband came home, and to his great comfort
found his Estate so good, that he had great cause to bless God
for the same, for a warm purse is the best medicine for a cold
by a that may be.

The green King therefore boasting himself as brave as ever
he was, having sworn himself a faithful companion to his two-
handed sword, would never go without it.

Now when his ancient acquaintance saw him again so
gallant, every one was ready to curry favour with him, and
many would proffer him Wine. And where before they
were wont to thrust him to the kennell, and nothing respect-
ing his poverty, they gave him now the upper hand in every
place, saluting him with cap and knee: But he remembering
how slightly they set by him in his need, did now as slightly
resemble their flattery, saying,

I cry you mercy, me thinks I have seen your face, but I
never knew you for my friend. Now quoth one, I dwell at Al-
dersgate, and am your neer neighbour. and so much the worse
said the Green King: wherefore quoth the other? because
said he, I thinke the place is meet for an honest man, I trust
for you know no hurt by me.

For any goodnesse quoth the green King but I remember
you are he, or one of them of whom once I would have boy-
rived forty pence, yet could not get it. If thereby I might have
saved forty lives: therefore godman tog, or good man tog,
or good man dog, chuse you whether, scrape no acquaintance
of me, nor come any more in my company, I would advise
you least with my long sword I chop off your coward legs and
make you stand like Saint Martins begger upon two stiles.
The fellow hearing him say so, went his wayes, and never
durst speak to him afterward,

The gentle Craft.

CHAP. II.

How the Green King went a walking with his wife, and got Anthony now now to play before them, in which sort he went with her to Bristol.



THe Green King being a man much given to go abroad, his wife upon a time thus made her moan to him; husband quoth she, I thinke you are the unkindest man alive, for as often as you walk abroad, you were never the man that did once take me in your company: it is no small grief unto me, while I sit doting at home every Sunday and holy day, and to see how other men walk with their wives, and lovingly bear them company into the fields, that thereby they may have some recreation after their weeks weary toyle; this pleasure have they for their pains, but I poor soul could never get such a courtesie at your hands: either it must needs be that you love me but little, or else you are ashamed of my company, and I tell you true you have no reason for the one or the other,

The gentle Craft.

Well quoth he my dear, seeing you are so desirous to walk a broad with me, Thursday next is Saint James's day, against which time prepare your self to go with me to the Fair, where by the grace of God I will bestow a fat Pig upon you, and there I mean to be merry, and doubt not but that I will walk with you till you are weary of walking. Pay quoth he. I should never be weary of your company though I went with you to the worlds end: God a mercy for that wise said he, but so doing, I doubt I should try you a very good foot-woman or a bad flatterer.

Thus it pass till Thursday was come, and in the mean season meeting with two or three other Shoemakers, he asked them if they would walk with him and his wife to Saint James's Fair, that he will with all our hearts said his fellow Shoemakers: but will you not like flinchers go back from your words quoth the green King? No that (they said) which if they did they would forfeit unto him a gallon of wine.

Luffy said the green King, talk not to me of a gallon of wine, but will you be bound in a bond of twenty pound a pece to perform it?

Why quoth the Shoemakers, what needs bands for such a matter as this, we hope that you will take our words for a great deal more then this?

My Masters said the green King, the world is grown to that pass, that words are become wind, and I will trust you as little on your word, as long Meg on her honesty, therefore if you will be bound in a bond so, if not, I will make no account of your company.

The Shoemakers hearing these words, and they knowing him to be a man of a merry mind, after that they had washed their wits well with wine to the Scriveners they went, and there they bound themselves in twenty pound bond according to his request.

They had no sooner made arrend of this merry match, but presently into another Water they get, and who should they meet but that merry companion Anthony now now, who as soon as he spied the green King, he smiled with a long
month

The gentle Craft.

Anthony, but joyfully embraced him with both his hands, saying, what my dear Master, well are you met said Anthony, now pray you Sir when came you from the other side of the water, by my troth you are welcome, and I am glad to see you with all my heart.

God a mercy good Anthony said the green King, but how comes it to passe that you go not so often into Saint Martins as you were wont to do?

O Master said Anthony, you may remember what song I made at your parting when you went to Graves end.

Yes marry said the green King, and what of that, quoth he, by singing that under your window, all the merry Shoemakers in Saint Martins have got it by the end, and now with their so often singing it up and down amongst their social crew, that they have made it as common as a Printed Ballad, and by their so doing I have gotten such a name by it, that into what place soever I go, I am called nothing but Anthony now now.

And now Master He tell you, that by these merry Shoemakers meane it hath made me as well acquainted in all Cheapside and other places about the City as the Cat in the Cream-paish; for as soon as ever the Goldsmiths Wives spy me they will hold up thier fingers and cry O yonder goes Anthony now now that merry companion, and this is thier prating as I go along.

And when I come amongst the Merchants Daughters, those merry pretty wanton wags will laugh at me whilst they are ready to belpiss themselves, and call me to them saying come Anthony now now play us a fit of musick sayes one; come Anthony sing us a merry song sayes another, so that I cannot pass up and down the streets by the means of these merry wag-tails, in so much that now the little boys in the street will have a sing at my table, and take my name in vain, and say O yonder goes Anthony, O yonder goes Anthony now now, and so they run up and down after me like a sort of Psalmists: good Lord, good Lord, you never knew the like: bear ye me now my good Master: and I will tell you, that since you departed from me and took your journey

The gentle Crafr.

beyond Sea, that by singing of that song so often under
his window, that I have gotten more penes then your
wife has pins,

so that with taking small pains and little sweat,

My name is as famous as Alexander the great.

And now my Master seeing you are come again and safely
arrived from your dangerous voyage from Sea, I will ere
long make the second part.

But now the green King is no sooner returned from his voy-
age beyond Sea, but his wife solicites him to take a journey
into the Countrey & to take her along with him, for since he
had her to Saint James's Park, she was so well pleased with
him, that she could go with him to the worlds end.

The Green King therefore being willing to give his wife
content, he is resolved to take her with him to Bristol, and
considering what company he should get to go with him to
pass away the tedious journey, at last he meeting with An-
thony now now, who no sooner did his Master ask him the
question, but presently he gives his consent, and immediately
Anthony get his fiddle and away they take their Journey,
and merrily they march and at every Town they come at
Anthony pulls out his fiddle and plays as he goes, which
the Countrey people much admiring at his mirth and merry
conceits, they were very desirous to have him stay with them,
but Anthony not willing to leave his Master and Mistress, de-
sired them to excuse him; so he continued this mirth and mer-
riment untill they came to Bristol: where playing up and
down at several houses in the Town, he gave the people a
great deal of content, and got as great a name there as he did
in the City of London, so that he could not passe upon down
the streets; they would cry, O wonder goes Anthony now
now. And so having got the praise of the Countrey, he returns
back with the green King and his wife unto the City of Lon-
don who in a short time after fell dangerously sick, and how
he escaped that sickness, and other merry exploits he played
afterwards, we shall mention when we come to write the
third part.

FINIS.

